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POETRY: Cape Ushant, 434.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

LAST WEEK we printed the correspondence between Mr. Peabody and the Queen. In this number is a very short article on the same subject, from *Punch*. "*Punch* is a comic paper," to be sure; but no other more fully represents English opinion. He holds up Mr. Peabody as an example to other stewards of great riches. Some weeks ago we called this matter to the attention of rich men on this side the water. In New York and Boston, and in all the great cities, there lie explosive magazines of uncleanness, for which might be substituted clean

and comfortable dwellings which would pay as good interest as other real estate. But there also needs a provision in all great centres of population for a much higher class,—say for mechanics, clerks, and young married people, where order, neatness, and respectability can be made compatible with strict economy. Whether it would be well to follow the Edinburgh fashion of separate "flats," or whether the Parisian style might be imported, we cannot say. Profiting by Mr. Peabody's experiment, we could adapt the dwellings to American notions.

CAPE USHANT.

A BALLAD.

OUR ship, the stout Bellerophon,
Off Rochefort Harbour lay:
We took a passenger on board,
And slowly sail'd away.
Seven days and nights, with baffling winds.
We strove to fetch Tor Bay.

The eighth day, with the rising sun,
A morning in July,
French land upon our starboard bow
We plainly could descry,

When I, a little middy,
(It's fifty years ago),
Came up, to take my watch on deck,
Into the early glow.

Magnificently rose the sun
Above the hills of France,
And spread his splendour on the sea,
And through the sky's expanse.

Meanwhile upon the poop, alone,
Our passenger stood there,
And view'd the gently gliding land
In clearest morning air,—
The cliffs of Ushant, and the slopes
Of shadowy Finisterre.

"Ushant?" he ask'd,—and I replied,
"Yes, Sire." Whereon he raised
His little pocket-telescope,
And gazed, and ever gazed.

For hours and hours he hardly moved;
And if his eyes grew dim,
We never saw it; there he stood,
And none went near to him.

Till with a faint and fickle wind
We drew from off the coast,
And in a noontide haze of heat
France faded and was lost.

Napoleon's thoughts in that last look
It were but vain to seek;
Enough he had to think upon,
If he had gazed a week.

And sometimes from his rock, perhaps,
He saw, amid the shine
Of lonely waves, Cape Ushant's ghost
Upon the dim sea-line.

W. ALLINGHAM.

[The anecdote is given in *Memoirs of an Aristocrat*, by a *Midshipman of the Bellerophon*.]

— *Argosy*.

From The Quarterly Review.

Ecce Homo: a Survey of the life and Work of Jesus Christ. 8vo. London and Cambridge, 1866.

THE author of this treatise explains his object in writing it by the statement that 'after reading a good many books on Christ he still felt constrained to confess that there was no historical character whose motives, objects, and feelings remained so incomprehensible to him.' As far as he is aware, the comments of learning, genius, and piety for upwards of eighteen hundred years have left the character of our Blessed Lord an enigma, and it has been reserved for the author of 'Ecce Homo' to solve the mystery. The pretension involved in the assumption is maintained throughout the work. Views which have been set forth a thousand times with far more completeness, beauty and power, are propounded with an elaboration of method and an air of profundity as though they were important discoveries. The verbose and ostentatious form under which hacknied truths are displayed appears to have imposed upon many, and, to quote the language of Dr. Johnson, 'they no longer know in its new array the talk of mothers and nurses.' Apart from the affectation of originality, the only novelties we have been able to detect are rash assertions, mistaken principles, and bad taste. The work, judged by its intrinsic merits, would have appeared to us unworthy to be distinguished from the common run of erroneous books; and the thoughtless approbation which has been bestowed upon it by orthodox persons is our sole inducement to examine briefly its claim to be accepted by members of the Church of England for a guide to the character and precepts of our Lord.

'What the present writer undertook to do,' says the author in his Preface, 'was to trace the biography of Christ from point to point, and accept those conclusions about him, not which Church doctors or even Apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant.'

The facts must be ascertained before they can be 'critically weighed,' and yet the author of 'Ecce Homo,' without bestowing a single argument on the subject, sometimes quotes the Gospel of St. John alone in support of his notions, and sometimes treats it as if it was of dubious authenticity. He is thus either working with untrustworthy

materials when he adopts it, or with mutilated materials when he rejects it. He preserves the same silence on his reasons for setting aside the declarations of Apostles, though he cannot pretend that it makes no difference in the interpretation of the Gospel narrative whether we accept their aid or renounce their authority. 'Conclusions' based upon an arbitrary selection of documents can afford no satisfaction to reflecting minds, and this mode of procedure by an author who professes to supply the solid and unambiguous views he has been unable to discover elsewhere betrays at the outset a total absence of the critical faculty to which he lays claim.

The want is not less apparent in the conclusion of the Preface, where he gives a second account of the scope of his work:—

'No theological questions whatever are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will make the subject of another volume. In the meanwhile the author has endeavoured to furnish an answer to the question, What was Christ's object in founding the society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?'

It is impossible to comprehend how Christ's object in founding the society of Christians can be truly set forth when religion is excluded, unless the writer has arrived at the extraordinary conviction that 'modern religion and theology' did not in any shape enter into the scheme, but are altogether an excrescence, and improperly deduced from the primitive records. The same confusion of thought and laxity of language prevail throughout the work:—

'Let us ask ourselves,' he says, 'what was the ultimate object of Christ's scheme? When the divine society was established and organized, what did he expect it to accomplish? To this question we may suppose he would have answered, The object of the divine society is that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. *In the language of our own day, its object was the improvement of morality.*'

'The ultimate object of Christ's scheme' is not a matter of conjecture. The means and end are both unfolded with the utmost distinctness in the Bible, and there we learn that our duty towards our neighbour is inseparably interwoven with our duty towards God. A church of which the 'ultimate object was the improvement of morality' would not be Christian but infidel.

With these glaring defects both in conception and execution, we should still expect

that the author would be extremely exact in such facts as he uses, and have a sure foundation for such conclusions as he draws, when he announces that these are his particular characteristics. Strange to say, it would be difficult to name a writer upon biblical subjects who more completely sets facts at defiance. He freely supplies them from his imagination, he remodels them at his will, and he misrepresents them without scruple. Of this habit we shall proceed to adduce a few examples, which will equally answer the purpose of testing the soundness of his theories. His method will be found to be the very reverse of what he professes; and instead of deriving his conclusions from the facts, he has adapted the facts to his conclusions.

'The Baptist,' he says, 'was a wrestler with life, one to whom peace of mind does not come easily, but only after a long struggle. His restlessness had driven him into the desert, where he had contended for years with thoughts he could not master.'

Where did the author find these facts, or from what facts are they the plain and legitimate deduction? The portrait, at best, is purely fanciful, and to us the assertion that the Baptist had a difficulty in attaining to 'peace of mind,' and 'contended for years with thoughts he could not master,' appears directly at variance with the announcement of the angel to Zacharias, 'He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb,' and with the declaration of St. Luke that 'the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit.*' When the same Evangelist adds that this child who 'waxed strong in spirit,' was 'in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel,' the idea conveyed is not that of 'restlessness,' but of a calm and steady piety which could be richly satisfied in solitary communion with God. The perturbed and uneasy nature of John is contrasted by the author of 'Ecce Homo,' with the placid self-possessed character of Christ; and the greeting of the restless forerunner of our Lord, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world,' is explained to be a homage to his untroubled disposition:—

'The Baptist recognised the superiority of Him whose confidence had never been disturbed, whose steadfast peace no agitations of life had ever ruffled. He did obeisance to the royalty of inward happiness.'

The forerunner who proclaimed that Jesus

* Luke i. 15, 80.

was the 'Lamb of God,' proclaimed also that he was 'the Son of God,' and John must have paid obeisance to a far more stupendous royalty than that of 'inward happiness.'

The painful license which the author of 'Ecce Homo' allows his imagination is conspicuous in his paraphrase of the incident of the woman taken in adultery:—

'Christ,' says the writer, 'was standing, it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected in the very act. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the prosecutors, the legality that had no justice, and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow creature—all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd, or of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. Standing as he did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormentors continued their clamour, until he raised his head for a moment and said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct.'

The coarseness and latitude of the interpretation was never, we believe, exceeded by any comment which was not designed to be profane. The inability of the Saviour to 'meet the eye of the crowd' from 'an intolerable sense of shame,' his stooping down to write out of 'burning embarrassment and confusion,' the 'glimpse' which the Pharisees 'perhaps' caught of the 'glowing blush upon his face,' have not only no warrant from the words of the Evangelist, but his narrative bespeaks an entire composure on the part of our Lord. For 'facts critically weighed' the author of 'Ecce Homo' gives us a debased romance which must shock the instincts of religious men.

The author changes the facts with the same facility with which he invents them:—

'Signs miraculous, or considered miraculous,' he writes, 'are said to have attested the great

ness of Christ's mission at the moment of his baptism. . . . A sound was heard in the sky which was interpreted as the voice of God himself acknowledging his beloved Son.'

The Evangelists do not state that 'a sound was heard which was interpreted as the voice of God,' but that 'a voice came from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son.' The critic who repudiates the text of a narrative, and substitutes for it a version of his own, is bound to show that the historians are wrong and that he is right. There is not a syllable of the kind. This advocate for facts assumes the prerogative to reconstruct the Gospel story without one word of justification, and expects that we are to receive a modern fable in place of the testimony of the disciples of our Lord.

There is a still more signal instance of his system in his account of the temptation. He starts with the assertion that our Lord was not aware that he could perform miracles till he withdrew into the wilderness. The notion that Christ was hitherto ignorant of his own nature and endowments will be startling to those who believe the proclamation of his forerunner at the period of his baptism: 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.*' The argument which the author employs to establish his peculiar view of the facts is the weakest imaginable:—

'From the time of the temptation Christ appeared as a worker of miracles. We are expressly told by St. John that he had wrought none before, and all our authorities concur in representing him as possessing and using the gift after this time. We are to conceive him therefore as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers.'

Our Lord, he in effect reasons, wrought no miracles till he commenced his active ministry, and the proper occasion arose for working them. Therefore he could not have known previously that he was possessed of the gift.

'What is called Christ's temptation,' continues the author, 'is the excitement of his mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power.' He is represented as perplexed to determine how he should employ the new faculty, and this, says the writer, 'is visibly the key to the whole narration.' He has no sooner advanced this statement than he proceeds to alter the narration in order to make it fit his visible key. The Evangelists relate

* John i. 18.

that our Lord was tempted from without by the devil, and that the instant the temptations were offered they were spurned. The author of 'Ecce Homo' maintains that the temptations were generated in the mind of our Lord himself, and that he passed through a stage of 'mental hesitation' before he subdued them. This violence done to the Gospel history will yet not suffice to resolve the whole series of temptations into the conflict 'caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power,' for there is no question of working miracles by our Lord when the devil shows him the kingdoms of the world, and says, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' But nothing baffles this critical weigher of facts. He boldly rewrites the version of the Evangelists, and accounts for their inferior knowledge of the circumstances by the supposition that when our Lord narrated the event to them he may probably have accompanied it with comments which they confounded with the incidents. In what way comments, intended to elucidate, were likely to have produced, in complete misapprehension, one of the most simple and circumstantial descriptions ever penned, we are no further informed than that 'we are perhaps to understand that Christ was tempted to do something which on reflection appeared to him equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit.' 'A vision of universal monarchy rose before him,' and the 'something' to which he was tempted was to employ supernatural 'force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom,'—a temptation which was not renounced without a 'struggle.' Such, we are to believe, is the correct substitute for the representation of the Evangelists that our Lord was solicited by the devil to worship him, and rejected the proposal with scorn. Conjecture is piled upon conjecture, and the sure foundation of Scripture is converted into a shifting sand, unsafe to stand upon. The process is employed in behalf of a lamentable theory. The doctrine that He who was perfect God and perfect man could admit the idea of taking wrongful courses, that he could entertain the temptation for a moment if it arose, that he could hesitate over a suggestion to adopt a method which 'was equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit,' is only consistent with some of the lower grades of Socinianism; and without pretending to guess at the creed of the writer of the treatise, we must be permitted to expose the inevitable consequences of his teaching.

The instances we have adduced are mainly cases in which the author has interpolated facts from his imagination, or avowedly modified them to suit his purpose. His habit of misrepresenting them is quite as remarkable. He has some speculations, which contain the usual admixture of familiar truths with transparent errors, upon the conceptions the Jews entertained of the kingdom of their expected Messiah:—

'Pilate,' says the writer in the course of his exposition, 'executed Christ on the ground that his kingdom was of this world; the Jews procured his execution precisely because it was not. . . . An eloquent teacher, gathering disciples around him in Jerusalem, and offering a new and devout interpretation of the Mosaic law, might have aroused a little spite, but not the cry of "Crucify him!" They did not object to the king, they did not object to the philosopher; but they objected to the king in the garb of the philosopher.'

In support of his position the author refers to the circumstance that Christ accepted the title of king on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and remarks that 'this assumption of royalty was the ground of his execution.' With reference to the end for which he produces it, the writer's statement is incomplete. Until his last entry into Jerusalem our Lord did not openly acknowledge that he was a king. Those who sought his aid sometimes called him the son of David, but he never took the title, and commonly styled himself the Son of Man, or occasionally the Son of God. The general idea which the people had of him, even towards the close of his career, is seen in the reply of his disciples to his question, 'Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?' 'And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.* The same account was given of him to Herod, and there was not a suggestion that he put forth regal pretensions.† After he had fed the five thousand with the loaves and fishes he 'departed into a mountain alone' for the express reason that he perceived 'they would come and take him by force to make him a king.‡ A public claim to the character would undoubtedly have been made the pretext of a charge before Pilate, and his hour was not yet come. No one will dispute the assertion of the author of 'Ecce Homo' that the Jews availed themselves gladly of the plea. The point

at issue is whether he has given an honest description of the Gospel narrative when he affirms that they only desired to kill the prophet, or, as he calls him, 'the philosopher,' because Christ assumed to be both philosopher and king. Now, before any question respecting his royalty had arisen among the rulers, the 'Pharisees held a council against him how they might destroy him.* And for what? 'They sought to slay him' because he had healed a man 'on the sabbath day,' and taught that it was no breach of the day 'to do well,' or, in other words, because he had offered that 'new and devout interpretation of the Mosaic law,' which the writer says 'might have aroused a little spite, but not the cry of Crucify him!' The crowning charge which our Lord brought against the Jews was that they were 'the children of them which killed the prophets,' and would 'fill up the measure of their fathers' in 'killing, scourging, and persecuting prophets, wise men, and scribes.† In conformity with their usual spirit the true ground of their hatred to the Saviour, as we learn from himself, was that he testified that their works were evil.‡ So absolutely unfounded is the notion that the Jews had no disposition to put to death religious teachers as long as they presented themselves in that capacity alone. This is a sample of the common practice of the author of 'Ecce Homo.' In his ambition to be original he frames fallacious theories, and suppresses the facts which contradict them.

The larger part of the work is devoted to 'Christ's Legislation,' and the author commences with a grave misrepresentation of facts. A couple of chapters are occupied with the attempt to demonstrate that mankind are forbidden by our Lord to allow the prospect of future happiness, or, as the writer sometimes terms it, 'pleasure,' to be any motive to good conduct:

'Pleasure shall assuredly be ours, but in no extremity are we to make it our object.'— 'Though self-surrender lead in general, though it lead infallibly to happiness, yet happiness is not its object.'— 'Though by loving our neighbour and our enemy we shall win heaven, we are not to think of the heaven we shall win, we are to think of our neighbour and our enemy.' 'That pleasure is necessary for us, and yet that it is not to be sought,' is, he admits, a 'paradoxical position, and might, if it had been taken up by a philosopher, have been regarded as a subtlety which it would be impossible to

* Matt. xvi. 14.

† Luke ix. 7-9.

‡ John vi. 15.

* Matt. xii. 14; Mark iii. 6; Luke vi. 11; John v. 16.

† Matt. xxiii. 31-34.

‡ John viii.

act upon. But as a law laid down by a King and Master of mankind, every word of whom was treasured up and acted out with devotion, it has had a surprising influence upon human affairs.'

There is the difficulty that our King and Master has laid down a law directly the reverse:

'Scarcely once in the Sermon on the Mount,' says the author, 'does he inculcate self-sacrifice without a reference to the other side of the account, — to the treasures God has in store for those who despise the gold and silver of the earth.'

This is resolved by the writer 'into a promise that those exceptional cases, in which virtue appears to loose its reward, shall prove in the end not to be exceptions.' The 'exceptional cases' would vitiate the principle maintained by the author of 'Ecce Homo,' but what we mainly wish to remark is, that his theory of 'exceptional cases' is in open contradiction to the language of our Lord, who held up future punishment as a motive to deter men from every species of sin, and future happiness as a motive to every species of goodness. The doctrine is found in its utmost generality in the Sermon on the Mount, to which the writer appeals: 'Whosoever shall break *one of these least commandments*, and shall teach men so, he shall be called *the least in the kingdom of heaven*; but whosoever shall *do and teach them*, the same shall be called *great in the kingdom of heaven*.* The Gospels and Epistles are too full of passages which reiterate the inducement, to render it necessary to quote them. The author of 'Ecce Homo' backs up his assertion on the nature of our Lord's teaching with the further assertion that, if we are actuated by the desire to secure our happiness, the 'self-surrender which Christ enjoins is simply impossible':

'A man,' he says, 'can no doubt do any specific acts, however painful, with a view to his ultimate interest. With a view to his ultimate interest, a man may fast, may impose painful penances on himself. . . . But can a man, with a view to his ultimate interest, in order that he may go to heaven, *love his enemies*?'

Our Lord will supply the answer: '*Love ye your enemies*, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and *your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the chil-*

dren of the Highest.'* The motive is enjoined by our Lord in the precise instance which the writer selects for an extreme case to prove its impotence, and the simplicity of the Gospel knows nothing of the 'paradoxical position, which, taken up by a philosopher, might have been regarded as a subtlety impossible to act upon.' There is an intrinsic beauty in holiness, and men obey its dictates times out of number, without any thought of the promises; but there are times, again, when those promises restrain rebellious desires, stimulate failing resolves, and animate the heart with glorious hopes. Humanity cannot dispense with a motive deemed essential by our Lord; and the writer who denounces it strikes a blow at piety and virtue. Happiness is inherent in the nature of God, and it is no taint whatever to the purity of his servants, that they should labour for the purpose of participating in his happiness as well as in his holiness.

The author defines the difference between the moral code of Christianity and the moral code of the Jews. The former he maintains was positive, and consisted in a constant endeavour to serve mankind; the latter was negative, and consisted in the endeavour to avoid injuring them:

'The first Christians,' he says, 'had passed from a region of passive into a region of active morality. The old legal formula began *thou shalt not*; the new begins with *thou shalt*. The young man who had kept the whole law — that is, who had refrained from a number of actions — is commanded to do something, to sell his goods and feed the poor.'

This is perhaps the most singular specimen of misrepresentation in the volume. Honour thy father and thy mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;† were two of the Commandments which the young man professed to have observed from his youth, and the assertion that he had kept the whole law by merely 'refraining from a number of actions' is a gross perversion of the facts. The four Commandments he had obeyed which commenced with 'thou shalt not,' were just as much binding under the Gospel as under the Law, and the author's distinction entirely fails. He has no better success when he would have us imagine that the injunction to feed the poor was a peculiarity of the Gospel, for the duty had been enforced in the broadest language

* Matt. v. 19.

* Luke vi. 35.

† Matt. xix. 19.

by Moses: 'Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother, but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need in that which he wanteth. . . . For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land.* This requirement, which was, in fact, included in the law of love to neighbours, the self-deceived young man had neglected to fulfil, and the allegation that he had kept the whole law is not to be reconciled with the Gospel narrative. Every one of the facts turns out to be a fiction, and the passage in which the author of 'Ecce Homo' continues his argument is of a piece with what precedes:

'Condemnation passed under the Mosaic law upon him who had sinned, who had done something forbidden, — The soul that sinneth it shall die. Christ's condemnation is pronounced upon those who had not done good: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat." The sinner whom Christ habitually denounces is he who has done nothing.'

Our Lord 'habitually denounced' those 'who had done something forbidden' as well as those who did nothing: 'The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire.'† The Mosaic code, in harmony with the Christian, condemned those who had not done good as well as those who did evil. The very passage in Ezekiel, from which the author of 'Ecce Homo' derived the expression 'the soul that sinneth it shall die,' is the counterpart of the language which he quotes from the discourse of our Lord, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat,' for the prophet enumerates among the acts which will cause a man to live, and of which the neglect will cause him to perish, 'that he shall have given his bread to the hungry, and covered the naked with a garment.'‡ 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen?' we read in Isaiah, 'to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out of thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou

hide not thyself from thine own flesh?''* Pages might be filled with additional citations to demonstrate how thoroughly false is the distinction which the writer draws between the negative morality of the Old Testament and the positive morality of the New. There is one short argument which might stand in the place of the rest, and which disposes at once, on the authority of Christ himself, of the pretense that *thou shalt not* was almost the exclusive characteristic of the Mosaic dispensation. Upon the two Commandments, 'Thou shalt love God, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' hung, says our Lord, all the law and the prophets, — the whole, without exception, hung upon two *shalls*, and the *shalt not*s were only a portion of the directions for fulfilling the end. In the face of these facts, the author can say of the Gospel,

'A new continent in the moral globe was discovered: Positive morality took its place by the side of negative. To the duty of not doing harm, which may be called justice, was added the duty of doing good, which may properly receive the distinctively Christian name of charity.'

He who delivered the morality of the Law was the same Divine being who delivered the morality of the Gospel, and to break up the unity, which, notwithstanding some differences, runs through both — to curtail and lower the primitive code — to convert it into a blank, heartless, selfish system — is to commit an outrage against revelation, and to undermine its foundations.

'If there be any other commandment,' writes St. Paul to the Romans, when speaking of the second table of the Law, 'it is briefly comprehended in this saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' The author of 'Ecce Homo' espouses the doctrine, and, after contending that the Jewish morality was negative, he, with curious inconsistency, maintains that the love of man to man — or, as he prefers to name it, the 'enthusiasm of humanity' — was the sum of the morality taught by our Lord. The writer descants upon it with his ordinary disregard of facts. He tells us that to 'love one's neighbour as oneself was, Christ said, the first and greatest law.' Our Lord, on the contrary, affirmed that 'the first and great commandment' was to love God.† He called love for our neighbour the second, and, though he added that it 'was like unto the' first, or similar in its nature, he

* Deut. xv. 7, 8, 11.

† Matt. xxiii. 41.

‡ Ezekiel xxviii. 7.

* Isaiah lviii. 6, 7.

† Matt. xxiii. 36-40.

never placed the second above the first. The comment of the author accords with his altered text. He cites the words of our Lord, 'Except ye eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you,' and adds, 'What Christ meant by life is not now difficult to discover. It is that healthy condition of mind which issues of necessity in right action. This health of the soul we know Christ regarded as consisting in a certain enthusiasm of love for human beings as such.' He meant much more by 'life,' than love of humanity. The primary source of life is the work of redemption resulting in the love of divinity. 'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent.'* 'O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee,' exclaims our Lord at the conclusion of his address, and it required 'God to be in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' before 'the first and great commandment' could have proper sway. The author of 'Ecce Homo' has repeated in the body of the work the announcement in his Preface, and informs his readers in one of his chapters that he is not 'concerned at present with the relation of the Christian society to God and Christ.' He may consequently understand his assertion in some qualified sense; but, if he proposes hereafter to modify his doctrines, he is most reprehensible in stating absolutely that the 'life' imparted to the Christian 'by eating the flesh, and drinking the blood of the Son of Man,' is 'a certain enthusiasm of love for human beings.' Subsequent explanations cannot render language true which is inherently false, and the only effect in the interval must be to mislead the ignorant, and shock the enlightened.

The passage we have quoted occurs in the chapter on the 'Lord's Supper,' which is reduced to a symbol of the 'enthusiasm of humanity.'

'The union of mankind,' says the writer, 'but a union begun and subsisting only in Christ, is what the Lord's Supper sacramentally expresses.'

There is not a syllable to indicate that it had loftier objects, and a part throughout is put for the whole with uncompromising rigour. The comparison by which he seeks to convey a fitting idea of this most solemn rite would alone be revolting to reverent minds:

'If,' he says, 'it sounds degrading to com-

pare the Christian communion to a club-dinner, this is not owing to any essential difference between the two things, but to the fact that the moderns connect less dignified associations with meals than the ancients did, and that most clubs have a far less serious object than the Christian society. The Christian communion is a club-dinner, but the club is the New Jerusalem. God and Christ are members of it, and death makes no vacancy in its lists; but at the banquet-table the perfected spirits of just men, with an innumerable company of angels, sit down beside those who have not yet surrendered their bodies to the grave.'

He, in another place, speaks of those persons who,

'when overwhelmed with the difficulties which beset their mind suddenly resolve to strive no longer, but rest content with saying that they believe, and acting as if they did,' and asks, 'Can there be such a disfranchised pauper-class among the citizens of the New Jerusalem?'

The best apology for the language is that it is worthy of the sentiment.

The author has a dissertation on the 'Law of Resentment,' and he is again at fault in his facts:—

'It is the custom to say,' he writes, 'that Christ died forgiving his enemies. True, no doubt it is, that he held the forgiveness of private enemies to be among the first of duties, and he did forgive the personal insults and barbarities that were practised upon him. But the legalists, whose crime was against the kingdom of God, the nation, and mankind, it does not appear that he ever forgave. The words of forgiveness uttered on the Cross refer simply to the Roman soldiers, for whom pardon is asked expressly, on the ground that they do not understand what they are doing. The words may even contain distinct allusion to that other class of criminals who *did* know what they were doing, and for whom therefore the same prayer was not offered.'

When St. Peter addressed the crowd of Jews which assembled at Solomon's Porch, he reproached them with their crucifixion of the Son of God. 'Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you, and killed the prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead;' but the accusation is immediately followed by the words, 'And now brethren I wot that *through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers.*'* St. Peter, it was true, was only an Apostle, and the author of 'Ecce Homo,' who forms his opinions independently of the conclusions

* John xvii. 3.

* Acts iii. 14-17.

of Apostles, may demur to his authority. All who listen to Apostles with reverence will admit that the testimony is decisive. The Jews had perpetrated a wicked deed, or there would have been no need to pray for their forgiveness; but their ignorance, though heinously culpable, was real. They were not more enlightened than St. Paul, who 'ignorantly in unbelief verily thought with himself that he ought to persecute unto death the Church of God.' They never dreamt that they were crucifying the Messiah, but disbelieved that Jesus of Nazareth was he. 'He saved others,' they exclaimed in his agony, 'let him save himself if he be Christ the chosen of God.' 'If he be the King of Israel let him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now if he will have him, for he said, I am the Son of God.*' The chief priests, the scribes, the elders, the people were there, reviling and taunting our Lord. In the midst of this awful scene of impiety and cruelty, the meek voice of the Redeemer is heard pronouncing the prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;' and we are to believe that this comprehensive petition did not apply to the authors of his death, to the multitude of deluded mockers around him, but was limited to the heathen officials, who were compelled to obey the orders of the Roman governor. The sublime exemplification in our Lord's person of our Lord's precept, 'to pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you,' is deprived, by the petty interpretation of the author of 'Ecce Homo,' of the reach and grandeur which taught the first martyr Stephen, in imitation of his Master, to cry out loudly with his dying breath, though those who stoned him were Jews and not Romans, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,' and which has taught myriads of martyrs since to look with compassion upon their destroyers, and plead for their pardon with God. Such a spirit shames the doctrine of a writer who argues that our Lord 'continued to the last to think of his murderers with anger,' and who tells us that he has urged his view of the law of resentment

'at some length, lest it should be supposed that Christianity is really the emaculate, sentimental thing it is sometimes represented to be.'

To us it seems that the loveliness and vitality of Christianity would be grievously enfeebled by the adoption of the spurious version which has been substituted for the

facts, and the triumphant power of the Gospel over human passions, its ability to raise mortals to a more than mortal height of heroism, is never displayed with greater force and beauty than when it inspires a Stephen to merge his sense of injury in anxiety for the welfare of his persecutors, and to pray that the sin of murderers, blinded by prejudice, may not be laid to their charge.

To refute all the errors which abound in 'Ecce Homo' would be tedious and useless. Our object is to show the character of the work. The author claims to have studied the subject with especial regard to the facts, and he perverts the commonest particulars which lie on the surface of the Gospels. He writes with an affectation of philosophical depth, and numerous passages in his treatise exhibit either ignorance or defiance of the elementary principles which are familiar to children and peasants. He disguises every-day truths by a pomp of disquisition and a wordiness of style which darken what is simple instead of elucidating what is obscure. His diffuse phraseology is wanting in precision, and his ideas are often in the last degree vague, and sometimes contradictory. His performance is just the reverse of its pretensions, and is inaccurate, superficial, and unsound. Whatever may be his creed — which he has carefully concealed — his want of candour in dealing with his authorities, his presumption, and his rashness, deserve the severest censure. That his book should have obtained the suffrages of any members of the Church of England is melancholy evidence of their slight acquaintance with their faith and their Bibles. There are many persons who are alarmed at the activity of scepticism, and there can be nothing to prevent its diffusion with those who are not at the pains to inform themselves upon the substance of Christianity and the grounds upon which it is held. The shallowest theories and the flimsiest arguments find a ready reception in an empty mind, and their sole strength is in the weakness and credulity of their dupes. Happily, there is a vast body of educated men who are better informed, and while error is perpetually changing its form and is only born to die, the grand truths of Christianity are passed on with accelerated impulse from generation to generation. They were never more in the ascendant than now; and there is this good, at least in the assaults of adversaries, that they promote inquiry and help to establish the revelation they were designed to overthrow.

† Luke xxiii. 35; Matt. xxvii. 42.

'From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLES DE SISMONDI.

SISMONDI was spoken of lately, in a very graceful notice of his "Lettres Inédites," as one whom the world had not half enough appreciated. There are several very obvious reasons why we Englishmen should fail in appreciating either the writer or the man, some of which are as much to our own disadvantage as to his. Most of the graces which we principally look for in French writings are in him "conspicuous by their absence;" he is neither a subtle nor a brilliant writer, and of the many French sentences which crowd upon the memory wherein some thought is expressed with the delicate sharpness of a cut gem, perhaps we might seek in vain through his voluminous works for a single specimen. They would not be called dull if they were written in English; but we are so accustomed to expect the piquant flavour of latent epigram when we are reading French, that perhaps, in spite of the translucent clearness of Sismondi's style, and the easy flow of his narrative, the general impression is that his works are heavy reading. As a man, there is much in him which is, both for good and for evil, specially adverse to our taste. He was not a dignified character. He had not the virtues we idolize; he had the defects we judge with harshness; he was one, in short, whom in order to estimate rightly, we must extend our range of taste. We have some pet canons — prejudices crystallized into *soi-disant* principles — which lie in the way of a fair and liberal judgment of characters opposite to our own. Such, for instance, is the notion that pride is the fault of a noble character, vanity of a contemptible one, a maxim which, if such general dicta had any value in them at all, might be reversed with equal truth. Pride, and not vanity, is the contrary of humility, and it is humility which is the true test of greatness of character, a test which may be successfully applied to many a mind which is vain enough. Nevertheless, as we consider ourselves proud, and pique ourselves upon being so, we are very hard upon the vain man, and it cannot be denied that Sismondi had a considerable share of vanity, and not a tinge of pride to conceal it. Hence he was accessible to flattery, and his estimate of other people was always liable to a deduction on this score (a necessity strikingly exemplified by the effect of his interview with Napoleon); hence he occasionally used expressions about his own writings which, though they are often just, one can-

not read without a smile. There are other ways in which he sinned against our canons of judgment. "Pour le foule, la réussite a presque le même profil que la suprématie," says V. Hugo, with that exquisite subtlety which spoils us for mere good sense in French; and Sismondi inverted the common mistake. We give success the reverence due to "suprématie." He hardly granted to the last the honor which is so unjustly given to its copy. Such a character, with all its defects, is worth our study. It is well to lay aside all national prejudice, and forget small divergence of taste, when we have to do with a mind so full of a pure love of freedom, of sympathy with the weak and oppressed, as was that of Charles de Sismondi.

The following extracts from his unpublished letters are therefore given to the reader as worth reading for the light they throw on his own mind. The first, indeed, may claim an independent interest. A glimpse, however scanty, of a historian's hopes for the future has an interest of its own. Sismondi's prophetic chapter of the history of France needs no special interest in the writer to make an interesting study. Time, in turning that letter to mournful satire, has not robbed it of its interest. Perhaps the transition from the conditional mood to the past tense would have a similar change on the predictions of more discriminating politicians than Sismondi; perhaps, too, the prophecy had its grain of truth. The assertion that the reign of Louis Philippe would be a blessing to humanity in impregnating the French people with his own spirit of progress, may not sound quite so strange to posterity as to us. At all events, in 1817, when the letter was written, the Duke of Orleans, then about forty-four, was the goal of all the aspirations after some representative of the liberal ideas which were then active in France.

"PARIS, September 8th, 1817.

"I did not write to you from Geneva, madam, as, after being disappointed in my hope of a farewell visit, I thought that, after all, a letter from Paris would be more satisfactory to you — at all events if I succeed in conveying any of my own impressions on arriving here. What is peculiar in them is the contrast between the absolute calm of the moment, and the universal presentiment of a dull fermentation — between the complete liberty of opinion, words, and deeds which every one is enjoying, and the fre-

quent accounts one hears of the most extravagant acts of violence. For instance, there is a general belief that there was nothing against those unfortunate soldiers who were executed yesterday (whose heroic behaviour on the scaffold has excited general sympathy) except that they had given a bust of the king a pair of moustaches! Against these executions, and those which take place every day in France, is to be contrasted the mild sentence on the assassins of General Rancel, and the fifty-franc fine on a soldier who had not cried 'Vive le Roi.' All this is not only unjust and cruel, but more imprudent than anything one ever heard of, except the Concordat. Here are the elections, and people are all busy canvassing, and reading pamphlets (of which some have appeared of considerable merit); and yet in all this political movement there is a want of life, a disposition to turn the mind in other directions, to drop the subject of politics, and live for the day, which is perfectly astonishing to any one who has seen former times, or who merely recalls our hearty Genevese hatred. . . . I saw the Duke of Orleans on Saturday, who was amiable enough to talk with me for more than an hour. Though it is some time now since all my aspirations after a champion of liberal ideas have centred in him, I was not prepared for the lofty principle and high-mindedness which I found in him, and for his great knowledge of the needs of the age and their remedies. In an introduction of a work by him on the French Revolution, which he showed me, he dwells on the spirit of liberty as exhibiting itself in the Reformation, and thereby creating the need which it afterwards satisfied in the domain of politics, the spirit of investigation confronting every authority in turn, and forcing all authority to prepare to meet it. He does not conceal a profound contempt for all this *charlatanerie* of decorations and titles, and, judging Napoleon quite impartially, he considers that it is by this puerile fancy, this *parvenu* style of vanity, that he ruined himself and France. He shows as much respect for the moral dignity of man, and for all that will truly develop what is valuable in him, as contempt for all this tinsel, with which he is so well covered himself. What a blessing it would be for humanity, if one so well fitted for a high place were able to exercise his authority, and impregnate the French people and government with that spirit of progress which he so completely possesses! Now he has but little influence; he is treated with consideration, but not consult-

ed, and in fact there is so much difference between the line things are taking and that he would have them take, that his advice could hardly be of much use even if people would listen to it. 'Change yourselves,' is the first thing to be said to them.

"It has been no small gratification to me, you will easily believe, to have had two such confidential conversations as this one and that two years ago.* Many other people have talked to the two men, no doubt; but no one else, neither wishing nor fearing anything from them, has discussed with each of them his own conduct and principles, and has been admitted to see so much of a head and heart so worthy of observation."

The reader will not need to be told that no work now exists by Louis Philippe on the French Revolution. What a curious and interesting study we have lost in the comparison of the two literary works of the two successive rulers of France! The motives which led the former of these to suppress his production are not difficult to conjecture, but I know of no allusion to them anywhere. Some of the expressions in the foregoing letter are amusingly like the account which Louis Philippe's governess, Madame de Genlis, had given of him thirty years before he met Sismondi. "M. le Duc de Chartres," she tells us in his thirteenth year, "has nothing of the frivolity of his age, and heartily despises every kind of finery and ornament, and all the trifles which occupy young people." His education was modelled on Rousseau's Emile, which perhaps would not be a training always to steer clear of priggishness. Louis Philippe loved reason, his governess tells us, as much as most children love frivolous stories, "and grew passionately fond of me because he always found me consistent and rational," — an alarming child! That little touch is more illustrative of Victor Hugo's account of him than of Sismondi's letter, but one sees very plainly that quality in the mind of the historian which would turn with sympathy to the full-grown Emile, and believe no more was wanted to a king of France than liberal ideas, and a contempt for every kind of "finery and ornament," moral and intellectual as well as physical. Yet Sismondi had a full sense of some of the needs of political life, as is shown in the impression made upon him by the languor of France at this period after her thirty years' fever. In his "History of France," he quotes the trite saying, "Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire ennuie," only to remark, "It is a great

* Evidently with Napoleon.

error;" and the following extract from his letter to a friend exhibits the same views as they showed themselves when turned to the Lilliputian scale of Swiss politics.

"FLORENCE, March 8th, 1820.

"... I am very glad to see that political animosity is gone to sleep [at Geneva], always supposing that this is not the sign of general drowsiness on public affairs. There is plenty of this drowsiness in the other Swiss cantons, and after our outburst of squabbles I should not be at all surprised at our falling back into lethargy. I have heard you say it was a good thing to fall out with one's friends now and then, by way of keeping oneself alive; 'tis an expensive amusement, no doubt, but ennui is as bad a disease in the social as the political world, and though one would rather prove oneself to be alive through agreeable sensations, yet in their default let us welcome others — for the one thing needful is to live."

But it is to the intensely affectionate nature of Sismondi that what remain of his letters owe their chief interest. Here again, no doubt, his was an un-English character: it would be said in reading many of his letters that it is not so much that Englishmen feel less keenly, but that they express their feelings much less openly, than he. Much might be said on the other side. There is plenty of reason to doubt whether on the whole a rigid habit of suppression does not rather chill than husband affection. One may apply to this habit of reserve the often-quoted sentence about absence, — that, like a puff of air, it "puts out a candle and blows up a fire," and there is no question that we have more candles than fires. Reserve may condense a strong feeling, it withers a weak one, and strong feelings are not so common as weak ones. Sismondi's affections were perhaps too clinging for a manly nature, but they were singularly tender, delicate, and constant. His sufferings on the death of his mother (when he was already an elderly man) are as unquestionably sincere as they are unusual in men of that age on the loss of a parent. The following letters, written to his wife as he was hurrying to his mother's deathbed — the one on his journey, the other after he had arrived too late for the last adieu — are to me very touching in the expression they give of a somewhat wearied nature, which needs to economise grief, as distinguished from the sorrow of youth, which cannot have enough feeling of any kind. The longing which mingles with his own sorrow, that it should

be softened to his wife (who was many years his junior) by all the dilution that expectation can give, is perhaps not the feeling of a very judicious mind, but it is the anxiety of a very tender and loving heart.

"October 12th, 1821.

"... It seemed to me that I needed the thought of her as a guardian over my own welfare, half the strength that helped me out of any danger or trouble came from my dread of paining her. From you, on the contrary, such sensibility would destroy all my courage. Those who stood before us in the ranks of life are falling now, and the next arrow from death must reach us. I was necessary to her life; I do not wish to be necessary to yours, and can contemplate your future without that agonising anxiety which was inspired by any possibility of her surviving me. Let us beware of existing in each other. Let our love manifest itself in our appreciation of the present, not by regret when the present has become past. Love me, my J., as I love you, as I shall always love you — alas, how soon uniquely? But let us accustom ourselves to the idea of separation; never let me feel, in contemplating it for you, the terror that it inspired for her. We submit to the order of nature; it is only what inverts this order that overwhelms the soul. I was prepared for all that I am suffering now; be you in your turn prepared for the summons that the order of nature will next bring to me, and do not embitter my anticipations of our separation by the dread of suffering for you, to whom I would fain bring nothing but happiness."

"October 7th, 1821.

"I have not written to you as I promised, my child, but my need of you was never keener than it is now; my heart never turned from its own desolation more longingly to seek comfort in you. I feel crushed by suffering; it seems to grow upon me. I have spent two days at Vauluse, reviving every recollection of my mother, retracing all her steps, calling upon her. These long unaccustomed tears have weakened and exhausted me; I can bear no more; I must come back to you. Death is everywhere in this house; the rooms that we shared together, and that took their grace and order from you, are desolate now, the clock has stopped, the furniture is covered with dust, and in the garden the paths are overgrown with weeds, and the water from the fountain overflows its basin; dreariness and disorder are everywhere. This house seems destined

to desertion now — my sister does not want it. I have asked myself if we could not come and live among these objects that were dear to my mother, if we two could not watch the flowers she planted; but I see no chance of it. I know we are called upon to live elsewhere. If I return here, it will be to protect my sister. I must prepare myself for fresh suffering when I leave this house for hers. *She* has fears no less heart-rending than her regrets, and these too pierce my heart for her. Immediately after my mother's death — which took place in her arms, while she was reading the prayers for the dying — she went into the room where her children were assembled, and entreated them to give her the only consolation which at that moment of anguish she was capable of receiving. 'My children,' she said, 'I declare to you that I will live and die a Protestant; promise me that, when my last hours are come, you will not take advantage of bodily infirmity to attack my mind, and extort from my weakness and confusion the abjuration which will never be given while I retain possession of my faculties; let me die in peace, as my mother has just died!' Her sons were silent, and after an interval, during which she had left the room, she asked them again, 'Will you not promise me not to trouble my last moments?' 'No,' replied her eldest son, the priest, who had, no doubt, discussed the matter with his brothers, and perhaps with his father; 'we cannot make that promise.' This answer has given her a terror, which I share with her; every night I have dreamt of it. This morning I advised her to take advantage of the increase of fortune which has come to her through my mother's death to set apart a fixed sum for a journey to Geneva, that, whenever she is warned of the approach of death, she may come to us, and end her days in peace. But what poison these priests infuse into people's minds! If it is true that Voltaire, in the initials found in several of his letters, *éc. l'inf.* meant *écrasez l'infame*, i. e., Catholicism, was he not in the right? That religion is not one to be judged from a distance, or from books; those only can fully understand the horror inspired by it who have watched its operations in the internal relations of a family, and been actually submitted to its influence. My sister, however, tries to put her sons' behaviour in the best light before me, and makes the most of the signs of feeling shown by them. True, they have mourned for her loss, but so they would have done if it had been that of a dog or a horse; their religion teaches them, indeed, that it is much better to have

no soul than to have one only to lose it, as a heretic. I have tried in vain to persuade her to visit her daughter in the convent; she is convinced that it would be impossible to speak to a nun without either offending her or distorting the truth. If she does not go to Florence, neither shall I; you are all I want to see, my darling; every one else I only wish to avoid. Perhaps I shall be able to start before receiving your answer to this letter; be careful, therefore, to write it so that my sister may open and read it if I am gone. How I long to be with you! but I must stay a little with her, since my presence brings her some support, and some consolation."

There are several different kinds of interest in that letter; it has its value as the picture of an Italian household — perhaps as correct a picture now as it was when it was first taken — but the predominant interest is the light it throws on the historian of France. One requisite for a complete fulfilment of that character was certainly wanting to the man who wrote that account of Madame Forti's request to her children — he could not sympathise with bigotry. We must almost say he could not understand bigotry. Certainly it takes no great stretch of tolerance to acknowledge that, whether or not that feeling would be silenced in the breast of a son watching his mother's death-bed by a mightier logic than ours, it could only be strengthened and intensified by this deliberate and uncalled-for defiance. To take in what an ultramontane Roman Catholic means by any one dying a Protestant, is to see that he ought never to forego his right to do his utmost to prevent it. And whoever cannot see this cannot be just to Catholicism. But if, on the one hand, we see what deductions to make from the value of Sismondi's judgment on a great national struggle, by observing his incapacity for strict justice when confronting this struggle as it divided his own family; on the other hand, this very incapacity, thus exhibited in its true nature, as the suffusion of thought with feeling, acquires a certain value of its own.

Any estimate of the two great bodies which divide Christendom, resting exclusively on a sympathy with individual freedom, is a very incomplete one; but any estimate which wholly excludes this point of view would be still more incomplete.

If it would be dangerous to test, by its influence on domestic happiness, any religion professedly derived from Him who "set a man at variance against his father," it would be yet more dangerous for presump-

tuous mortals wholly to ignore this result in forming their judgment on the claims of this religion to Divine authority, and neglect in this judgment the fact that a particular creed, honestly and consistently translated into life, makes it impossible for a son to grant his mother's entreaty, that in her last hours she may be left alone with God. This lively sympathy with individual claims, which clouded at times Sismondi's just appreciation of the aspect of large questions, is his strength and weakness as a historian. We can never forget that a nation is made up of individuals, each one of whom can suffer profoundly. Hence his histories are always real, always human; but the exclusive contemplation of this side of national life is enough to account for the depressing effect of the larger part of his writings, and condenses itself into the doubt, expressed in some verses written towards the close of his life, whether the record of so many crimes is really the fitting occupation of a lifetime. The conviction which should balance this feeling, that, encircling this individual life, and not in any degree interfering with it, is the life of the nation, that history has to trace the purpose of Heaven towards the larger unity, and therefore in some sense to accept success as an indication of that purpose — this conviction did not enter into Sismondi's mind. Putting genius out of the question, and regarding merely the moral attitude of the two writers, I should call him the antitype of Mr. Carlyle. The two historians represent the two views of history which perhaps no one original mind could combine, but which we need to combine by studying both ends of such a contrast, if we desire to learn the meaning of the great epic. And Englishmen, who are apt to look upon all history as a "parallelogram of forces," may not unprofitably lean rather to the side which this view excludes, and remember that, though energy has a natural affinity with truth, the two things are separable, and that we may follow the path of success without digging a channel for our sympathies to flow into. Perhaps Sismondi tended too much in the opposite direction. His sympathies were always with the oppressed and the vanquished; weakness of every kind had a claim upon him, to which he was never slow to respond. "The man who gave nine or ten hours a day to the past," one wrote

who knew him, "was able to bring himself entirely into the present whenever a misfortune was to be redressed," and an instance recorded in the following letter of this expansive feeling, as exhibited towards the sorrows of a child, forms a fitting conclusion to the foregoing notice: —

"Monsieur Sismondi, mamma tells me you have taken care of several things for me, and I thank you for it; you have been very kind to me, and I wanted kindness very much. I want so much to go home; we are so dull here; even hearing Talma is not enough of a pleasure to prevent my feeling so dull. I don't know what I should have done if you had not come to L—, for you were the only person who spoke a word to me; now I am quite deserted; nobody speaks to me. I am rather angry with —; after having told her she was the only person I loved best after mamma, I thought she would have a little more confidence in me. I don't want her to tell me any secrets that would be wrong, but to talk to me about what I do know; and not to turn off all my questions with a joke, and treat me as a person to be scolded and taken care of, who must not venture to think whether the people she cares for are happy or unhappy. How different you were! how you tried to comfort me! you did not hide these misfortunes from me, but showed me how to behave under them, and made me hope I should some day be useful to mamma. I am so grateful to you for your kindness at this time. Good-bye, Monsieur Sismondi."

Conceive the delight of a little maid whose elders regarded her as a "*person*" to be scolded and taken care of, at falling in with a real grown-up gentleman, who would talk rationally to her, and hold out hopes of her being useful to mamma! That makes a good place to leave off. His tenderness for all that was weak was a part of his nature on which it is well to rest; it came out to the poor as much as to children, and the present writer recalls, after more than twenty years, the emphasis of unquestionable sincerity with which a humble friend, who showed his house and garden, summed up his *elogue* with the deeply-felt words, "He was a good man."

From The North British Review.
A JACOBITE FAMILY.

DID you ever, when journeying along a road at night, look in curiously at some cottage window, and like a happier Enoch Arden, watch unseen the bright life within, and all the *naïve* ongoing of the household?

Such a glimpse of the inner life of a Jacobite family in the latter half of last century we have had the privilege of enjoying, and we wish we could tell our readers half as vividly what it has told to us. We shall try.

On the River Don, in Aberdeenshire — best known to the world by its Auld Brig, which Lord Byron, photography, and its own exceeding beauty have made famous — is the house of Stonewood, four miles from the sea. It was for many generations the property of the Lords Frazer of Muchals, now Castle Frazer, one of the noblest of the many noble castles in that region, where some now nameless architect has left so many memorials of the stately life of their strong-brained masters, and of his own quite singular genius for design.

Stonewood was purchased near the close of the sixteenth century, from the Lord Frazer of that time, by John Moir of Ellon, who had sold his own estate, as tradition tells, in the following way: — Bailie Gordon, a wealthy Edinburgh merchant, made a bargain with the Laird of Ellon, when in his cups, to sell his estate at a price greatly under its value. The country folk, who lamented the passing away of the old family, and resented the trick of the bailie, relieved themselves by pronouncing their heaviest malediction, and prophesying some near and terrible judgment. Strangely enough, the curse, in the *post hoc* sense, was not causeless. A short time after the purchase an awful calamity befell Mr. Gordon's family.

Its story has been told by a master pen, that which gave us *Matthew Wald* and *Adam Blair*, and the murderer *M'Kean*. We give it for the benefit of the young generation, which, we fear, is neglecting the great writers of the past in the wild relish and exuberance of the too copious present. It will be an evil day when the world only reads what was written yesterday, and will be forgotten to-morrow.

"Gabriel was a preacher or licentiate of the Kirk, employed as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys of eight or ten years of age. The tutor entertained, it seems, some par-

tiality for the Abigail of the children's mother, and it so happened, that one of his pupils observed him kiss the girl one day in passing through an ante-room, where she was sitting. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it by way of a good joke to their mother the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she had heard to her maid or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, I have not learned; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison forever the spirit of this juvenile Presbyterian — his whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments of what he conceived to be so deadly a disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to the church as usual with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country — for the ground on which the New Town of Edinburgh now stands, was then considered as the country by the people of Edinburgh. After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several of the green fields, which have now become streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of his pupils to the heart. The younger boy gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror; but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in his hand, and slew him also as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of this shocking scene was observed distinctly from the Old Town, by innumerable crowds of people, who were near enough to see every motion of the murderer, and hear the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine between them and the place of blood, was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him.

"It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time for them to walk to church in procession (as is their custom), when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It is an old law in Scotland, that when a murderer is caught in the very act of guilt (or, as they call it, *red-hand*), he may be immediately executed, without any formality or delay. Never surely could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of the innocents scarcely dry upon his fingers." *

* *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, vol. ii.

The boys were the sons of the new Laird of Ellon. It adds something to the dreadfulness of the story that it was the woman who urged the wretched youth to the deed. We remember well this *Gabriel's Road*, the lane leading up past "Ambrose's," the scene of the famous *Noctes*. It is now covered by the new Register Office buildings.

But to return to the ex-Laird of Ellon. Mr. Moir, having lost one estate, forthwith set about acquiring another, and purchased Muchalls, its Lord having got into difficulties. The lady of the Castle, loath, we doubt not, to leave her "bonnie house," persuaded Mr. Moir to take instead, the properties of Stoneywood, Watterton, Clinterty, and Greenburn, on Don side, which were afterwards conjoined under the name of the barony of Stoneywood. The grateful Lady of Frazer sent along with the title-deeds a five-guinea gold piece—a talisman which was religiously preserved for many generations.

The family of Stoneywood seem from the earliest record down to their close, to have been devotedly attached to the house of Stuart. In the old house there long hung a portrait of Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and through this prelate must have come a still more precious relic, long preserved in the family, and which is now before us, the Bible which the doomed King put into the hands of the Bishop on the scaffold, with the word "Remember," having beforehand taken off his cloak and presented it and the insignia of the Garter to the same faithful minister and friend; this is one of our glimpses. We have the sacred and royal book before us now,—a quarto, printed in 1637, bound in blue velvet, and richly embroidered and embossed with gold and silver lace. There is the crown and the Prince of Wales' feathers, showing it had belonged to Charles II. when prince. He must have given it to his hapless father, as the C. P. is changed into C. R. Though faded it looks princely still.

One of its blank leaves, on which was written "Charles Stuart ano. dom. 1648," was, along with the gold piece, pilfered as follows:—

"Miss Moir, who was rather of an unaccommodating temper, remained alone at Stoneywood for a year longer, and in fact until the sale had been completed, and it became necessary to quit. The retired and solitary life she led during this last period was taken advantage of by a woman in her service, of the name of Margaret Grant, to commit various thefts, with the assistance of a paramour, who happened unfortunately to be a blacksmith. By his

means they got the charter-chest opened, and abstracted thence the prophetic gold piece, gifted by Lady Frazer two hundred years before, and also Bishop Juxon's valuable legacy of King Charles's Bible, presented to him on the scaffold. The gold piece was readily made available, and was, of course, never recovered, but the Bible proved to be a more difficult treasure to deal with, it being generally known in the county to be an heirloom of the Stoneywood family, and accordingly, when she offered it for sale in Aberdeen, she became aware that she was about to be detected. She took the precaution to abscond, and suspecting that mischief might come of so sacrilegious a theft, she came by night to Stoneywood, and deposited the Bible at the foot of a large chestnut tree which overshadowed the entrance of the front court of the house, where it was found next morning. However, it did not return altogether unscathed by its excursion, for a bookseller in Aberdeen to whom it had been offered for sale, had the cunning, or rather the rascality, to abstract the blank leaf on which the royal martyr's autograph was inscribed, which he managed to paste upon another old Bible, so dexterously as not to be easily discovered, and actually profited by his fraud, in disposing of his counterfeit Bible to the Earl of Fife for a large sum of money, and in whose library it now figures as King Charles's Bible, while the original still remains in the possession of the representative of the family to whom it descended by inheritance, and in its appearance bears ample testimony to its authenticity."

To go back to Stoneywood. The Laird is now there; his eldest son, James, has married Jane, eldest daughter of Erskine of Pittoderie, and the young bride has got from her mother a green silk purse with a thousand merks in it, and the injunction never to borrow from the purse except in some great extremity, and never to forget to put in from time to time what she could spare, however small, ending with the wish, "May its sides never meet." The daughter was worthy of the mother, and became a "fendy wife," as appears by the following picturesque anecdote. Young Moir was going to the neighbouring village of Greenburn to the fair to buy cattle; the green purse was in requisition, and his wife, then nursing her first child, went with him. While he was making his market, she remained outside, and observing a tidy young woman sitting by the roadside, suckling her child, she made up to her and sat down by her side. Waiting, she soon got as hungry for her own baby as doubtless it was for her, so proposed to comfort herself by taking the woman's child. This was done, the young mother considering it a great honour to have a leddy's milk for her baby. Mrs.

Moir, not wishing to be disturbed or recognised, had the woman's cloak thrown over her head, she setting off into the fair to see what her husband was about. She was hardly gone, when a man came suddenly behind Mrs. Moir, and hastily lifting up the corner of the plaid, threw something into her lap, saying, "Tak' tent o' that!" and was off before Mrs. Moir could see his face. In her lap was the green purse, with all its gear untouched!

Embarrassed with her extempore nursing and cloak, she could not go to her husband, but the young woman returning, she went at once in search; and found him concluding a bargain for some cows. He asked her to wait outside the tent till he settled with the dealer; in they went; presently a cry of consternation; in goes the purse-bearer, counts out the money, tables it, and taking her amazed "man" by the arm, commanded him to go home.

What a pleasant little tale Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or our own Dunbar would have made of this!

From it you may divine much of the character of this *siccar* wife. Ever afterwards when the Stoneywood couple left home they confided the purse to their body servant, John Gunn; for in those days no gentleman travelled without his purse of gold; and although we have a shrewd guess that this same John was in the secret of the theft and the recovery of the purse on the fair day, he was as incorruptible ever afterwards as is Mr. Gladstone with our larger purse.

This John Gunn was one of those now extinct functionaries who, like the piper, were the lifelong servants of the house, claiming often some kindred with the chief, and with entire fidelity and indeed abject submission, mingling a familiarity, many amusing instances of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book, and by Miss Stirling Graham. John, though poor, had come of gentle blood, the Gunns of Ross-shire; he went into the army, from which, his Highland pride being wounded by some affront, he deserted, and joined a band of roving gipsies called Cairds.* His great strength

* We all remember Sir Walter's song; doubtless, like "a faliant Fhalrshon," our John Gunn was "a superior person," but there must have been much of the same fierce, perilous stuff in him, and the same fine incoherence in his transactions:—

"Donald Caird can illit and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling,
Drink till the gudeman be blind;
Fleece till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;

and courage soon made John captain of his band, which for years levied black-mail over the County of Aberdeen.

John got tired of his gipsy life, and entered Stoneywood's service, retaining, however, his secret headship of the Cairds, and using this often in Robin Hood fashion, generously, for his friends. So little was this shady side of his life known in the countryside, that his skill in detecting theft and restoring lost property was looked upon as not "canny," and due to "the second sight."

On one occasion Mr. Grant, younger of Ballindalloch, was dining at Stoneywood. He was an officer in the Dutch Brigade, and had come home to raise men for a company, which only wanted twelve of its complement. He was lamenting this to Mr. Moir, who jocularly remarked, that "if John Gunn," who was standing behind his chair, "canna help ye, deil kens wha can." Upon which John asked Mr. Grant when he could have his men ready to ship to Holland. "Immediately," was the reply. "Weel a weel, Ballindalloch, tak' yer road at aince for Aberdeen, tak' out a passage for them and twelve mair, and send me word when ye sail, and, if ye keep it to yoursell, ye'll find your ither men a' ready." Mr. Grant knew his man, and made his arrangements. The twelve men made their appearance with John at their head. When they found what was their destination they grumbled, but John, between fleecing and flying, praised them as a set of strapping fellows; told them they would soon come back again with their pockets full of gold. They went and never return-

Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot mair-fowl i' the drift:
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bounth, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the causer;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie way to Donald Caird.

Steek the awmrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear will sune be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a soo;
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddle, Donald Caird!"

ed, finding better quarters abroad, and thus John got rid of some of his secret confederates that were getting troublesome.

Another of John's exploits was in a different line. Mr. Moir had occasion to go to London, taking John with him of course. He visited his friend the Earl of Wintoun, then under sentence of death in the Tower for his concern in the rebellion of 1715. The Earl was arranging his affairs, and the family books and papers had been allowed to be carried into his cell in a large hamper, which went and came as occasion needed. John, who was a man of immense size and strength, undertook, if the Earl put himself, instead of his charters, into the hamper, to take it under his arm as usual, and so he did, walking lightly out. Lord Wintoun retired to Rome, where he died in 1749.

On "the rising" in the '45 John joined young Stoneywood, his master's son, but before telling his adventures in that unhappy time, we must go back a bit.

The grandson of old Stoneywood, James, born in 1710, was now a handsome young man, six feet two in height, and of a great spirit. As his grandfather and father were still alive, he entered into foreign trade; his mother, our keen friend of the green purse, meantime looking out for a rich marriage for her son, fixed on Lady Christian, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and widow of Fraser of Fraser; but our young *Tertius* liked not the widow, nor his cousin of Pittoderie, though her father offered to settle his estate on him; Lord Forbes's daughter with a tocher of 40,000 merks was also scorned. And all for the same and the best reason. He was in love with his cousin, Margaret Mackenzie of Ardross. It was the old story, — *liebend und geliebt*. But their "bright thing," though it did not in the end "come to confusion," did not for a time "run smooth." Thomas, his brother, a sailor, was likewise bewitched by the lovely cousin. He was refused, found out the reason, and in his rage and jealousy intercepted the letters between the lovers for three long miserable years, James living all the time at Stoneywood, and she far away in Ross-shire. The unworthy sailor made his way to Ardross, asked Margaret and her sister why they didn't ask for James, and then told them he was just going to be married to Miss Erskine of Pittoderie, and to have the estate. Margaret, thus cruelly struck, said, "Thomas, ye know my bindin', I have been aye true; I have angered my father, and refused a rich and a good man, and I'll be true till James himself is false," and like a frozen lily, erect on its stem, she left them — to pass her night in tears.

James was as true as his Margaret; and his grandfather and father agreed to his marriage, under a singular condition: the bulk of the rents were settled in annuity on the two seniors, and the estate made over to the young laird in fee-simple. The seniors did not long cumber him or the land; they both died within the year. Straightway James was off to Ardross to claim his Margaret. He came late at night, and "rispit at the ring." Murdo, the young laird, rose and let him in, sending a message to his sister to get a bedroom ready for his cousin Stoneywood. Miss Erskine of Pittoderie was in the house as it so happened, and old Lady Ardross, in her ignorance, thinking young Moir was after her, wrathfully sent word to him that he must not disturb the family, but might share Murdo's bed. Poor Margaret said little and slept less, and coming down before the rest in the early morning to make ready the breakfast, she found her cousin there alone: they made good use of their time, we may be sure, and the cruel mystery about the letters was all cleared up.

James and Thomas never met till they were both on the verge of the grave; the old men embraced, forgiving and forgiven.

The lovers were married at Ardross in September 1740, and they came to Stoneywood, where our stern old lady gloomed upon them in her displeasure, and soon left them, to live in Aberdeen, speaking to her son at church, but never once noticing his lovely bride. For all this he made far more than up by the tenderest love and service. We quote the touching words of their descendant: "With the only recollection I have of my grandfather and grandmother in extreme old age, their sedate and primitive appearance, and my veneration for them, makes the perusal of the very playful and affectionate letters which passed betwixt them at this early period of their lives to me most amusing and comic." But between these times there intervened long years of war, and separation, perils of all kinds, exile, and the deaths of seven lusty sons in their youth.

We have seen a portrait of Mrs. Moir in her prime, in the possession of her great-grandson; it shows her comely, plump, well-conditioned, restful, debonnaire — just the woman for the strenuous, big Stoneywood's heart to safely trust in.

Soon after his marriage, young Stoneywood had a violent fever; the mother and the cold sister came to his bedside, never once letting on that they saw his wife; and Annie Caw, an old servant, many years after, used to say that "her heart was like

to break to see the sweet young leddy stan-
nin' the hale day in silence, pretendin' to
look out at the garden, when the big saut
draps were rinnin' doon her bonnie cheeks." The old dame returned to Aberdeen at night without one word or look of sympathy. They had a daughter, — still the old lady was unmitigated, but a son made all sweet.

Then came the stirring, fatal '45. Stoney-
wood, when laid up with a severe burn of
the leg, received an express from the Coun-
tess of Errol, desiring his immediate attend-
ance at Slains Castle. Lame as he was, he
mounted his horse and rode to Slains, where
the Prince gave him a commission as lieut-
enant-colonel; he found Gordon of Glen-
bucket there, having come from France,
where he had lived in exile since the '15,
his son with him, and though he was blind
he joined the cause, so that there were
then three generations of John Gordons
under the Prince's banner, as sings the Ja-
cobite doggerel: —

"Nor good, Glenbucket, loyal throughout thy
life,

Wert thou ungracious in the manly fight,
Thy chief degenerate, thou his terror stood,
To vindicate the loyal Gordon's blood.
The loyal Gordons, they obey the call,
Resolved with their Prince to fight or fall."

Stoneywood, from his great strength and
courage, and his entire devotedness to the
cause, was a man of mark. Walking down
the Broad Street of Aberdeen, he was fired
at from a window by one Rigg, a barber.
Mr. Moir called up to him to "come down,
and he'd have fair play afore the townsmen,"
an invitation *il Barbieri* declined. Before
joining the Prince, Stoneywood, with char-
acteristic good sense and forethought, took a
step which, if others had done, the forfeiture
and ruin of many families would have been
spared: he executed a formal Commission
of Factory over his whole lands in favor of
his wife. On the utter collapse of the en-
terprise at Culloden, he made his way from
Ruthven, near Kingussie, through the wilds of
Bræmar, and reached his own house — then
filled with English troops — at midnight.
Leaping over the garden-wall, he tapped at
his wife's window, the only room left to her,
in which slept the children, and her faithful
maid, Annie Caw. She was lying awake, —
"a' the lave were sleeping," — heard the
tap, and, though in strange disguise, she at
once knew the voice and the build to be her
husband's. He had been without sleep for
four nights; she got him quietly to bed with-
out waking any one in the room. Think of

the faithful young pair, not daring even to
speak, for Janet Grant, the wet-nurse, was
not to be trusted — a price was on his head!

Stoneywood left late the next evening,
intending to cross the Don in his own sal-
mon-boat, but found it drawn up on the other
side, by order of Paton of Grandholm, a
keen Hanoverian. Stoneywood called to
the miller's man to cross with the boat.
"And wha are ye?" "I'm James Jamie-
son o' Little Mill," one of his own farmers.
"Jamieson" was a ready joke on his father's
name.

Stoneywood made for Buchan, where he
lay for months, being hunted day and night.
Here he was joined by our redoubtable friend
John Gunn, who, having left his father's ser-
vice some time before, had gone into his old
line, and had been tried before the Circuit
Court at Aberdeen, and would have fared
ill had Stoneywood not got an acquittal.
This made John more attached than ever.
He said he would stick to his Colonel, and
so he and his gipsy wife did. She continued
to carry letters and money between Stoney-
wood and his wife, by concealing them un-
der the braiding of her abundant black hair.
So hot was the pursuit, that Stoneywood
had to be conveyed over night to the house
of a solitary cobbler, in the remote muir-
land. His name was Clarke. Even here
he had to make a hole behind the old man's
bed, where he hid himself when any one
came to the door. It shows the energy of
Stoneywood's character, and his light-heart-
edness, that he set to work under the old
cobbler to learn his craft, and to such good
purpose, that his master said, — "Jeems,
my man, what for did ye no tell me ye had
been bred a sutor?" "And so I was, freend,
but to tell ye God's truth, I was an idle loon,
gey weel-faured, and ower fond o' the las-
sies, so I joined the Prince's boys, and ye
see what's come o't!" This greatly pleased
old Clarke, and they cobbled and cracked
away cheerily for many an hour. So much
for brains and will. On one occasion, when
hard pressed by their pursuers, Mr. Moir
turned his cobbling to good account, by re-
versing his brother Charles's brogues, turn-
ing the heel to the toe, a joke requiring dex-
terity in the walker as well as in the artist.
After many months of this risky life, to
which that of a partridge with a poaching
weaver from West Linton on the prowl, was
a species of tranquillity, our gallant, strong-
hearted friend, hearing that the Prince had
escaped, left for Norway in a small sloop
from the coast of Buchan, along with Glen-
bucket and Sir Alexander Bannerman.

It was when living in these wilds that a

practical joke of John Gunn's was played off, as follows :—

"After the battle of Culloden, James Moir lurked about in the wildest parts of Aberdeenshire to escape imprisonment. One day the Laird of Stoneywood, with a small party of friends and servants, was on the hill of Benochie engaged boiling a haggis for their dinner, when they were suddenly aware of a party of soldiers coming up the hill directly towards them. Flight was their only resource, but before leaving the fire John Gunn upset the pot, that their dinner might not be available to their enemies. Instead of bursting on the ground, the haggis rolled unbroken down the hill, towards the English soldiers, one of whom, not knowing what it was, caught it on his bayonet, thereby showering its contents over himself and his comrades, on seeing which termination to the adventure, John Gunn exclaimed, 'Charge there! even the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill.'"

Sir Walter Scott must have heard the story from the same source as ours, and has used it in *Waverley*, as follows, missing of necessity the point of the bayonet and of the joke :—

"The Highlanders displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sider roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'"

The Duke of Cumberland, on his way north, quartered his men on the Jacobite chiefs. A troop of dragoons was billeted on Stoneywood, where their young English captain fell ill, and was attended during a dangerous illness by the desolate and lovely wife. As soon as he was able, he left with his men for Inverness-shire, expressing his grateful assurance to Mrs. Moir, that to her he owed his life, and that he would never forget her. Some time after, when she was alone, one evening in April, not knowing what to fear or hope about her husband and her prince, a stone, wrapt in white paper, was flung into the darkening room. It was from the young Englishman, and told briefly the final disaster at Culloden, adding, "Stoneywood is safe." He was then passing south with his men. She never saw him or heard of him again, but we dare say he kept his word: that face was not likely to be forgotten.

Stoneywood, before leaving his native country, thanked, and as he could, rewarded, his faithful and humble shelterers,

saying he would not forget them. And neither he did. Five-and-twenty years afterwards, he visited Bartlett's house, where he lay before he took to the cobbler's. He found he had died. He took the widow and five children to Stoneywood, where they were fed and bred, the boys put to trades, and the girls given away when married, by the noble old Jacobite as a father.

As for John Gunn, his master having gone, he took to his ancient courses, was tried, found guilty this time, and closed his life in Virginia. So ends his lesson. A wild fellow with wild blood, a warm heart, and a shrewd head, such a man as Sir Walter would have made an immortal, as good a match and contrast with the princely Stoneywood, as Richie Moniplies with Nigel Oliphant, Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Sancho and the Don, and those other wonderful complementary pairs, who still, and will for ever, to human nature's delectation, walk the earth.

We need not follow our Ulysses through his life in Denmark and Norway. He carried thither, as Mr. James Jamieson, as into the cobbler's hut, his energy and uprightness, his cheery and unforgetting heart, his strong sense and his strong body. He prospered at Gothenburg, and within a year sent for his Penelope; he went at the King's request to Sweden, was naturalized, and had conferred on him a patent of nobility.

Meantime he was arraigned in his own country before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and though he was known by all the country, and had been in most of the actions fought, only two witnesses appeared against him, and their testimony went to prove his having always kept his men from violence and plunder, which drew down from Lord Justice Miller the remark, that this was more to the honour of the accused than of the witnesses.

In 1759, Mrs. Moir, out of fifteen children, had only two sons and two daughters surviving. She came across to Scotland, and settled in Edinburgh for their education. Her husband, broken in health and longing for home, after some difficulty obtained royal permission to return to Stoneywood, which he did in 1762. He died in 1782, aged seventy-two years, leaving his dear Margaret with her two daughters, all his seven sons having gone before him.

Our beautiful old lady lived into this century, dying in 1805, at the age of ninety-six, having retained her cheerfulness and good health, and a most remarkable degree of comeliness, to the last. Her teeth were still fresh and white, and all there, her lips

ruddy, her cheeks suffused with as delicate a tint as when she was the rose and the lily of Ardross, gentle in her address, and with the same contented evenness of mind that had accompanied her through all her trials. We cannot picture her better than in her kinsman's loving, skilful words : —

"Accustomed as I was to pass a few hours of every day of my frequent visits to Aberdeen during a good many of the latter years of the worthy old lady's life, the impression can never become obliterated from my recollection, of the neat, orderly chamber in which, at whatever hour I might come, I was sure to see her countenance brighten up with affection, and welcome me with the never-failing invitation to come and kiss her cheek. And there she sat in her arm-chair by the fire, deliberately knitting a white-thread stocking, which, so far as appeared to me, made wondrous slow progress in its manufacture. Her ancient maid, Miss Annie Caw, who had been seventy years in her service, and shared all the ups and downs, and toils and dangers, of her eventful life, sat in a chair on the opposite side, knitting the counterpart to my grandmother's stocking, and with equal deliberation. Every now and then the maid was summoned from the kitchen to take up the loops which these purblind old ladies were ever and anon letting down. A cat (how much their junior I do not know) lay curled up on an old footstool, and various little rickety fly-tables, with mahogany trellis-work around their edge supporting a world of bizarre-looking china ornaments, stood in different corners of the room. Every article of furniture had its appointed position, as well as the old ladies themselves, who sat knitting away till the arrival of two o'clock, their dinner-hour. The only thing which seemed at all to disturb the habitual placidity of my grandmother, was on being occasionally startled by the noise Miss Caw unwittingly made ; for the latter, being as deaf as a post, was quite unconscious of the disturbance she at times occasioned, when, in her vain attempts to rectify some mishap in her knitting, she so thoroughly entangled her work as to be far beyond the power of her paralytic fingers to extricate, she would touch the bell, as she conceived, with a respectful gentleness, but in fact so as to produce a clatter as if the house had caught fire. My grandmother, too blind to perceive the cause of this startling alarm, would gently remonstrate, 'Oh, Annie, Annie, you make such a noise!' to which the ancient virgin, who was somewhat short in temper, seldom hearing what was addressed to her, generally answered quite at cross purposes, and that with a most amusing mixture of respect and testiness, 'Yes, meddam, dis yer leddleship never let down a steek!' My grandmother's memory, although rather confused as to the later events of her life, was quite prompt and tenacious in all the details of her early history, particularly the agitating period of 1745, the circumstances of their long exile, and in fact

everything seemed clear and distinct down to her husband's death, which was singularly marked as the precise point beyond which she herself even seemed to have no confidence in the accuracy of her recollection. But as the early portion was far the most interesting, it became the unfailing theme on which she seemed to have as much pleasure in dilating as I had in listening to her tales.

"I found it necessary, however, to be cautious of alluding to the present reigning family, which always discomposed her, as to the last she vehemently protested against their title to the throne. I was in the habit, when dining out, of occasionally paying an afternoon visit to her on my way to dinner, which was after tea with her, when she had entered upon the second chapter of her day's employment. For as regularly as the hour of five came round, the card-table was set out, with all its Japan boxes of cards, counters, and Japan saucers for holding the pool, etc., and my grandmother and her old maid sat down to encounter each other at piquette, and so deliberate was the game as to occupy a considerable portion of the afternoon, as the war was not carried on without frequent interlocutory skirmishes, which much prolonged the contest. The one combatant being so blind as to be incapable of ever distinguishing diamonds from hearts, or clubs from spades, while her opponent, who saw sharply enough through a pair of spectacles, so balanced on the tip of her nose, as to be a matter of never ending wonder to me how they kept their place, was so deaf as to have to guess at the purport of whatever was addressed to her, and as they both blundered each in their own way, it gave rise to *contretemps* of never-ending recurrence, as the property of each trick was disputed. 'Oh, Annie, Annie, ye are so deaf and so stupid.' 'Yes, meddam, it's a sair pity ye are so blind.' 'Well, well, Annie, I would rather be blind as deaf.' 'Yes, meddam, it's my trick.' But with all her testiness, there never was a more devoted creature to her mistress, and to the Stonewood family, than that worthy old woman, Miss Caw. She was a meagre, ill-favoured looking little personage, much bent with old age, dressed in a rusty black silk gown, marvellously short in the skirt, but compensated by a lank, weasel-shaped waist of disproportionate length, from which was suspended my grandfather's watch, of uncommonly large size, which had been left to her by legacy, and was highly valued, and on the other side her scissors and bunch of keys. These garments were usually surmounted by a small black bonnet, and, trotting about with her high-heeled shoes, which threw the centre of gravity so far forward, her resemblance to a crow, or some curious bird of that class, was irresistibly striking, but having been once considered handsome, she was too jealous of her appearance ever to suffer me to use my pencil on so tempting a subject. She was the sister of a person of some note, Lady Jane Douglas's maid, whose evidence was so influential in the great Douglas Cause, and I

think she informed me that her father had once been Provost of Perth, but that their family had after his death got reduced in circumstances. She had passed almost the whole of her life, which was not a short one, in the service of the Stoneywood family. As to my grandmother, she was a perfect picture of an old lady of the last century. Her fair comely countenance was encircled in a pure white close cap with a quilled border, over which was a rich black lace cap in the form in which several of Queen Mary's pictures represent her to have worn, a grey satin gown with a laced stomacher, and deeply frilled hanging sleeves that reached the elbow, and over her arms black lace gloves without fingers, or rather which left the fingers free for the ornament of rings, about her shoulders a small black lace tippet, with high-heeled shoes, and small square silver buckles; there were also buckles in the stomacher. From her waistband also was suspended a portly watch in a shagreen case, and on the opposite side was a wire-sheath for her knitting. Such was old Lady Stoneywood.

And now we must leave our window and our bright glimpse into the family within, and go our ways. We might have tarried and seen much else, very different, but full of interest; we might have seen by and by the entrance of that noble, homely figure, the greatest, the largest nature in Scottish literature, whose head and face, stoop and smile and *burr* we all know, and who has filled, and will continue to fill, with innocent sunshine the young (ay, and the old) life of mankind. Sir Walter would have soon come in, with that manly, honest limp; — and his earliest and oldest friend would be there with him, he whose words have just painted for us these two old companions in their cordial strife, and whose own evening was as tranquil, as beautiful, and nearly as prolonged, as that of the dear and comely lady of Stoneywood.

As we said before, what material is here for a story! There is the crafty Bailie and the "ower canty" Laird of Ellon; the Sunday tragedy; the young loyes and sorrows of James and Margaret; the green purse and its gold pieces shining through, and its "fendy" keeper; the gallant Stoneywood, six foot two, bending in Slains before his Prince; John Gunn with his Cairds, and his dark-eyed, rich-haired wife; the wild havoc of Culloden; the wandering from Speyside to his own Don; the tap at the midnight window, heard by the one unsleeping heart; the brief rapture; the hunted life in Buchan; the cobbler with his 'prentice and their cracks; "*Mons. Jacques Jamieson*," the honoured merchant and Swedish nobleman; the vanishing away of his

seven sons into the land o' the leal; Penelope, her Ulysses gone, living on with Annie Caw, waiting sweetly till her time of departure and of reunion came. We are better of stirring ourselves about these, the unknown and long time dead; it quickens the capacity of receptive, realizing imagination, which all of us have more or less, and this waxes into something like an immediate and primary power, just as all good poetry makes the reader in a certain sense himself a poet, finding him one in little, and leaving him one in much.

So does any such glimpse into our common life, in its truth and depth and power, quicken us throughout, and make us tell living stories to ourselves; leaves us stronger, sweeter, swifter in mind, readier for all the many things in heaven and on earth we have to do; for we all have wings, though they are often but in bud, or blighted. Sad is it for a man and for a nation when they are all unused, and therefore shrivel and dwine and die, or leave some sadly ludicrous remembrancer of their absence, as "of one that once had wings."

If we grovel and pick up all our daily food at our feet, and never soar, we may grow fat and huge like the Dodo,* which was once a true dove, beautiful, hot-blooded, and strong of wing, as becomes Aphrodite's own, but got itself developed into a big goose of a pigeon, waddling as it went, and proving itself worthy of its extinction and of its name, — the only hint of its ancestry being in its bill.

But even the best wings can't act *in vacuo*; they must have something to energize upon, and all imagination worth the name must act upon some objective truth, must achieve for itself, or through others, a real-

* This is a real bit of natural history, from the Mauritius. The first pigeons there, having plenty on the ground to eat, and no need to fly, and waxing fat like Jeshurun, did not "plume their feathers, and let grow their wings," but grovelled, got monstrous, so that their wings, taking the huff, dwarfed into a fluttering stump. Sir T. Herbert thus quaintly describes this embarrassed creature: — "The Dodo, a bird the Dutch call *Walghvogel*, or *Dod Eerson*; her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, so that her corpulence is so great, as few of them weigh less than fifty pounds. It is of a melancholy visage, as though sensible of nature's injury, in framing so massie a body to be directed by complimental wings, such, indeed, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to rank her among birds; her traine three small plumes, short and unproportionable; her legs suiting her body; her pounce sharp; her appetite strong and greedy; stones and iron are digested." — 1625. We have in our time seen an occasional Dodo, with its "complimental wings" — a pure and advanced Darwinian bird — its earthly appetites strong and greedy; "an ill-favoured head;" "great black eyes;" "its gape huge and wide;" "slow-paced and stupid;" "its visage absurd and melancholy — very."

ized ideal or an idealized reality. Beauty and truth must embrace each other, and goodness bless them both;

"For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, — friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never to be sundered without tears."

THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

GRIEF hath been known to turn the young
head gray,
To silver over in a single day
The bright locks of the beautiful, their prime
Scarcely o'erpast; as in the fearful time
Of Gallia's madness, when that discrowned
head
Serene, that on the accursed altar bled,
Miscalled of Liberty. Oh martyred Queen,
What must the sufferings of that night have
been,
That night which sprinkled thy fair tresses
o'er
With Time's untimely snow! But now no
more,
Lovely Auguste, unhappy one, of thee!
I have to tell a humbler history,
A village tale, whose only charm in sooth,
If any, will be sad and simple truth.

"Mother," quoth Ambrose, to his thrifty dame,
(So oft our peasant used his wife to name;
"Father" or "Master" to himself applied,
As life's grave duties matronized the bride.)

"Mother," quoth Ambrose, as he faced the
North
With hard set teeth before he issued forth
To his day's labor from the cottage door,
"I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,
There'll be wild work. Just hear old Chewton
roar.

It's coming up down westward, and look there,
One of those sea-gulls! Aye! there goes a
pair,

And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on
As threats, the waters will be out anon.
That path by the ford's a nasty bit of way,
Best let the young ones bide from school to-
day."

"Do, Mother, do!" the quick-eared urchins
cried,

Two little lasses, to their Father's side
Close-clinging, as they looked from him to spy
The answering language of the Mother's eye.
There was denial, and she shook her head,

"Nay, nay, no harm will come to them," she
said.

"The mistress lets them off these short, dark
days

An hour the earlier; and our Liz, she says,
May quite be trusted, and I know 'tis true,
To take care of herself and Jennie too; —
And so she ought, she's seven come first of
May,

Two years the eldest. And they give away
The Christmas bounty at the school to-day."
The Mother's word was law. Alas for her
That hapless day, poor thing! She could not
err

Thought Ambrose, and his fair-haired little
Jane,

(Her namesake) to his heart he pressed again,
When each had had her turn, she clinging so
As if that day she could not let him go.
But labor's sons must snatch a hasty bliss
In nature's tenderest moods. One last fond
kiss,

"God bless my little maid!" the Father said,
Then cheerily went his way to earn their bread.

Then might be seen — the playmate parent
gone —

What looks demure the sister pair put on.
Not of the Mother as afraid or shy,
Or questioning the love that could deny.
But simple as their simple learning taught,
In quiet plain straightforwardness of thought.
So, to the Mother's charge attentive now,
The docile Lizzie stood with thoughtful brow.
And little Jennie, more demurely still,
Beside her waited the maternal will.
To me there's something touching I confess,
In the grave look of early thoughtfulness,
Seen often in some little childish face
Among the poor. Not that wherein we trace
(Shame to our land, our rulers and our race!)
The unnatural sufferings of the factory child,
But a staid quietness, reflection mild,
Betok'ning, in the depth of those young eyes,
Sense of life's cares, without its miseries.

So standing, hand in hand, a lovelier twain
Gainsborough ne'er painted; no, nor he of
Spain —

Glorious Murillo; and by contrast shone
More beautiful the younger little one,
With large blue eyes, and silken ringlets fair,
By nutbrown Lizzie, with smooth parted hair
Sable and glossy as a raven's wing,
And lustrous eyes as dark.

"Now mind and bring
Jennie safe home," the Mother said, "don't
stay

To pluck a bough or berry by the way;
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you're quite past.
But you're good children, steady as old folk,
I'd trust you anywhere." Then Lizzie's cloak
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied,
And amply little Jennie's back supplied
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure,"
said she

"To wrap it round and knot it carefully

Like this, when you come home, just leaving
 free
 One hand to hold by. Now make haste away,
 Good will to school, and then good right to
 play."

Was there no sinking at the Mother's heart,
 As all equipped, they turned them to depart,
 As down the lane she watched them as they
 went
 Till out of sight? In sooth I cannot tell,
 Such warnings have been sent, we know full
 well,
 And must receive, believing that they are
 In mercy sent to rouse, restrain, prepare.

And now I mind me, something of the kind
 Did surely haunt that day the Mother's mind,
 Making it irksome to bide all alone
 By her own cottage hearth, though never
 known

For idle gossiping was Jenny Grey.
 Yet so it was, that day she could not stay
 By her own quiet hearth, but took her way
 To her next neighbor's, half a loaf to borrow,
 Yet might her own have lasted out the mor-
 row.

And with the loaf obtained she lingered still;
 Said she, "My master, if he'd had his will,
 Would have kept back our little ones from
 school

This dreadful morning; and I'm such a fool
 Since they've been gone I've wished them
 back, but then

It won't do in such things to humor men,
 Our Ambrose specially, if left alone
 He'd spoil those wenches. But 'tis coming on
 That storm he said was brewing sure enough,
 But what of that? To think what idle stuff
 Will come into one's head! And here with
 you

I stop, as if I'd nothing else to do!
 And they'll come home drowned rats! I must
 be gone

To get dry things, and put the kettle on."

His day's work done, three mortal miles and
 more

Lay between Ambrose and his cottage door.
 A weary way, God wot! for weary wight!
 And yet, far off the curling smoke in sight
 From his own chimney, and his heart grows
 light.

How pleasantly the humble homestead stood
 Down the green lane by sheltering Shirley
 wood!

How sweet the wafting of the evening breeze
 In summer-time, from his two cherry-trees,
 Sheeted in blossom! And in hot July,
 From the brown moor track, shadowless and
 dry

How grateful the cool covert to regain
 Of his own avenue — that shady lane,
 With the white cottage in a slanting glow
 Of sunset glory, gleaming bright below;
 And jasmine porch, his rustic portico.
 With what a thankful gladness in his face,

(Silent heart-homage, plant of special grace.)
 At the lane's entrance, slackening oft his pace,
 Would Ambrose send a loving look before.
 The caged blackbird at the cottage door —
 The very blackbird — strained its little throat
 In welcome, with a more rejoicing note.
 And honest Tinker, dog of doubtful breed,
 All bristle, back and tail, but good at need,
 Pleasant his welcome to the accustomed ear.
 But of all welcomes pleasantest, most dear,
 The ringing voices, like sweet, silver bells,
 Of his own little ones. How fondly swells
 The Father's heart, as, dancing up the lane,
 Each clasps a hand in her small hand again,
 And each must tell her tale, and say her say,
 Impeding as she leads with sweet delay,
 (Childhood's blest thoughtlessness) his onward
 way.

And when the winter day closed in so fast,
 Scarce for his toil would weary daylight last,
 When in all weathers, driving sleet, rain, snow,
 Home by that bare, bleak moor-track he must
 go

Darkling and lonely. Oh the blessed sight
 His polar star — that little twinkling light
 From one small window, thro' the leafless trees
 Glimmering so fitfully no eyes but his
 Had spied it so far off. And sure was he,
 Entering the lane, a steadfast beam to see
 Ruddy and broad as peat-fed hearth could pour,
 Streaming to meet him from the open door.
 Then tho' the blackbird's welcome was un-
 heard,

Silenced by winter, note of summer bird —
 Still was he hailed, though by no fowl alive,
 But by the cuckoo-clock just striking five.
 And Tinker's eye and Tinker's ear were keen;
 Oft started he, and then a form was seen
 Dark'ning the doorway; and a smaller sprite,
 And then another, peered into the night,
 Ready to follow free on Tinker's track,
 But for the Mother's hand which held them
 back.

And yet a moment — a few steps — and then,
 Pulled o'er the threshold by that eager pair,
 He sits by his own hearth, in his own chair.
 Tinker takes post beside, with eyes that say,
 "Master, we've done our business for the day."
 The kettle sings, the cat in chorus purrs
 The busy housewife with her tea-things stirs,
 The doors made fast, the old stuff curtains
 drawn,

How the hail clatters! Let it clatter on.
 How the wind raves and rattles! What cares
 he?

Safe housed and warm beneath his own roof
 tree,
 With a wee lassie prattling on each knee.

Such was the home — home sacred and apart,
 Warmed in expectancy the poor man's heart,
 Summer and winter, as his task he plied,
 To him and his the literal doom applied
 Pronounced on Adam. But the bread was
 sweet,
 So earned, for such dear mouths. The weary
 feet

Hope-shod, stepped lightly o'er the homeward way.

So fared it specially with Ambrose Grey
That time I tell of. He had worked all day
At a large forest clearing, stroke on stroke
Striking, till when he stopped his back seemed
broke,

And the strong arm dropped useless. What
of that?

He had a treasure hidden in his hat,
A playing for the young ones. He had
found,

A dormouse' nest, the living ball coiled round
For its long winter's sleep. And all his
thought,

As he trudged silent homeward, was of naught
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
And graver Lizzie's quieter surprise,
When he should yield, to guess and kiss and
prayer,

Hard won, the captive to their eager care.

'Twas a wild evening wild and rough. "I
knew,"

Thought Ambrose, "those unlucky gulls spake
true,

And Gaffer Chewton never growls for naught.
I should be mortal mazed now, if I thought
My little maids were not safe housed before
This blinding hailstorm.—Ay this hour or
more,

Unless by that old crazy bit of board,
They've not passed dry-foot o'er the shallow
ford.

That I'll be bound for, swollen as it must be.
Well! if my mistress had been willed by me!"
But checked the half thought as a heresy,
And looked out for the home star. There it
shone;

So with a lightened heart he hurried on.

He's in the lane again, and there below
Shines from the open doorway that red glow
Which warms him but to look at. For his
prize

Cautious he feels; all snug and safe it lies.

"Down Tinker! down old boy! not quite so
free!

The thing thou sniffest is no game for thee.
But what's his meaning? No lookout to-
night?

No living thing astir! Pray God all's right!
Who's fluttering round the peat stack in such
weather?

Mother! "You might have felled him with a
feather,

When the short answer to his loud "Hillo!"

And hurried question, "Are they come?" was
"No!"

To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
The old, cracked lantern from its dusty nook,
And, while he lit it, speak a cheerful word
That almost choked him and was scarcely
heard,

Was but a moment's work, and he was gone
To where a fearful foresight led him on.

Passing a neighbor's cottage on his way,
(Mark Fenton's) him he took with small delay
To bear him company, for who could say
What need might be? They struck into the
track

The children should have taken, coming back
From school that day; and many a call and
shout

Into the pitchy darkness they sent out.
And, by the lantern's light, passed all about
In every thicket, wayside hill and nook,
Till suddenly, as nearing now the brook,
Something rushed past them. That was Tin-
ker's bark.

Unheeded he had followed in the dark,
Close at his master's heels, but swift as light
Darted before them now. "Be sure he's right—
Low—down he's making for the water—hark!
I know that whine, the old dog's found them—
hark!"

So breathlessly the Father hurried on
Towards the crazy foot-bridge: it was gone;
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black void and dark swoll'n stream
below.

"Yet there's life somewhere, more than Tinker's
whine,

Be sure," said Mark, "so let the lantern shine
Down yonder—there's the dog—and hark!"

"Oh dear!"

And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down quick as
thought

Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he
caught

Fast hold of something, a dark huddled heap,
Half in the water where 'twas scarce knee deep
For a tall man, and half above it, propped
By some old crazy side-piles that had stopped
Endways the broken plank, when it gave way
With the two little ones that luckless day.

"My babes! my lambkins!" was the Father's
cry.

One little voice made answer, "Here am I."

'Twas Lizzie's. There she crouched with face
as white—

Made ghastly by the flickering lantern light—
As sheeted corpse; the pale, blue lips drawn
tight

Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,

Washed by the turbid waters; fixed like stone,
One arm and hand, stretched out and rigid
grown,

Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.
There she lay drowned. Could he sustain the
shock—

The doting Father? Where's th' unriven rock
Can bear such blasting in its flintiest part
As that soft, sentient thing, the human heart?

They lifted her from out her watery bed.
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snowdrop, all aside,
And one small hand. The Mother's shawl
was tied,

Leaving that free, about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction, fast and warm.
Too well obeyed, too fast! A fatal hold
Affording to the scrag by its thick fold,
That caught and pinned her to the river's bed,
While through the reckless water overhead
Her life-breath bubbled up.

"She might have lived,
Struggling like Lizzie," was the thought that
rived

The unhappy Mother's heart, when she knew
all,

"But for my foolishness about that shawl;
And master would have kept them back to-day
But I was wilful, driving them away
In such wild weather."

Thus the tortured heart,
Unnaturally against itself takes part,
Driving the sharp edge deeper of a woe
Too deep already.

They had raised her now,
And parted the wet ringlets from her brow.
To that and the cold cheek and lips as cold
The Father glued his warm ones, ere they roll-
ed
Once more the fatal shawl, her winding
sheet,
About the precious clay.

One heart still beat,
Warmed by his heart's blood. To his only
child -

He turned him; but her piteous moaning mild
Pierced him afresh. And now she knew him
not.

"Mother!" she murmured, "who says I for-
got!"

Mother, indeed, indeed I kept fast hold,
And tied the shawl quite close: she can't be
cold,

But she won't move. We slipped, and don't
know how;

But I held on, and I'm so weary now!
And it's so dark and cold! Oh dear! Oh dear!
And she won't move. If daddy were but
here!"

Poor lamb, she wandered in her mind, 'twas
clear,

But soon the piteous murmur died away,
And quiet in her Father's arms she lay;
They their dead burden had resigned to take
The living, so near lost. For her dear sake,
And one at home, he armed himself to bear
His misery like a man. With tenderest care
Doffing his coat her shivering form to fold,
His neighbor bearing that which felt no cold,
He clasped her close; and so with little said,
Homeward they bore the living and the dead.

From Ambrose Grey's poor cottage all that
night

Shone fitfully a little wavering light,
Above, below, for all were watchers there
Save one sound sleeper; her, parental care,
Parental watchfulness, availed not now:
But in the young survivor's throbbing brow
And wandering eyes, delirious fever burned;
And all night long from side to side she turned,
Piteously complaining like a wounded dove,
With now and then a murmur, "She won't
move;"

And lo, when morning, as in mockery bright,
Shone on that pillow, passing strange the
sight, -

That young head's raven hair was streaked
with white!

No idle fiction this. Such things have been;
And now I tell what I myself have seen.
Life struggled long with death in that small
frame,

But it was strong, and conquered. All became
As it had been with that poor family, -
All, saving that which never more might be;
There was one empty place—they were but
three.

A MODEL MERCHANT.—Quoth the American
Minister, the other evening, at the Mansion
House:—

"MR. GEORGE PEABODY is a singular man. He is
a man of remarkable character, being, I might
almost say, a species by himself."

Singular man! Yes, verily, there is but one
GEORGE PEABODY, and thousands by him profit.
We should like to see this singular made plural, we
confess. The Peabody species is one well worthy of
development; and come, there is no harm in hint-
ing how we might extend it. Imitation is allowed
to be the truest form of flattery. Perhaps a few of

our rich merchants will imitate GEORGE PEABODY? Why should they not take a leaf out of his book, and one out of their own cheque-books? By his generous gift to London he rescues nigh a thousand Londoners from wretchedness and dirt. Why should not half a score or so of our great merchant princes resolve to do the like? Thanks to railways, and embankments, and valley elevations, a number of poor Londoners, are turned daily out of doors, and know not where to find clean lodging. Don't be backward, kind rich gentlemen, in housing the poor houseless. Who will first step forward and "say ditto" to GEORGE PEABODY?

—Punch.

From The Edinburgh Review.

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2. *Correspondence inédite de Marie Antoinette*. Publiée sur les Documents originaux par le Comte PAUL VOGT d'HUNOLSTEIN. Troisième édition. Paris: 1864.
3. *Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, et Madame Elisabeth*. Lettres et Documents inédits publiés par F. FEUILLET DE CONCHES. (Second Tirage.) Trois Tomes. Paris: 1864.

If the authenticity of these several collections of letters of the last Queen of France and of her nearest connections could be irrefragably established, we should without hesitation assign to them the highest place among the innumerable memorials of the French Revolution. They bring Marie Antoinette before us in the freshness of her girlish royalty, when she passed, at fifteen, from the domestic circles of Schönbrunn and Laxenburg to the depraved Court of Louis XV. and the pestilential intrigues of Versailles. They follow her through the earlier years of her reign, when the refinement of her tastes and the vivacity of her affections were struggling with the severe exigencies of her actual position and the dark harbingers of her tremendous destiny. They contain, lastly, a large addition to the evidence already in our possession of her courage and contrivance—her noble bearing and her devoted energy in defence of those she loved—when the ranks of her enemies were closing around her, and the realm over which she had reigned was narrowed to the miserable turret of the Temple and the dungeon of the Conciergerie. These letters illustrate, in the most remarkable manner, her qualities and her defects, her virtues and her faults, her strength of purpose and her errors of judgment. We rise from a careful and repeated perusal of them with the conviction that the whole character of the Queen is now before us, and not only of the Queen, but of her husband, her sister, and her nearest friends. The stately figure of Maria Theresa ushers in the group, not without impressive warnings of the impending tragedy; and the humorous scepticism and shrewd sense of Joseph II. complete the singular picture. So much, at least, of these letters is beyond

all question true and authentic, that the omission of all the suspected documents would not materially alter or injure the general effect of the correspondence; and we regret that publications of such deep historic interest should require at our hands in the first instance the investigation of a charge of literary forgery. Such, however, is the case. Soon after the appearance of M. d'Hunolstein's and M. Feillet de Conches' collections in Paris, another volume was published by Ritter von Arneth in Vienna, extracted from the archives of the Imperial family; and a comparison between these different versions of the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her mother, which has been set on foot and conducted with great ingenuity by M. von Sybel, an eminent German critic, has led him to impeach the authenticity of the earlier papers produced by the French editors, and consequently to throw a shade of suspicion over the whole of their work.

To put the reader in possession of the elements of this controversy, we must, first, briefly describe the nature and pretensions of the three collections: and we begin with that of Ritter von Arneth, because its genuineness being indisputable, it has been applied as the text or canon to determine the genuineness of documents found elsewhere. The following is the Vienna editor's account of his materials:—

'The correspondence of Maria Theresa and her daughter which is here published is at this moment, and, most probably, always has been, preserved in the private library of the head of the Imperial family. The volume which contains it is inscribed, "1770-1780. Correspondence de S. M. l'Impératrice-Reine avec la Reine de France." The whole collection consists of ninety-three letters of Marie Antoinette to her mother, of which thirty-seven are the originals, the remainder are copies, which were evidently made to the order of Maria Theresa, by her confidential cabinet secretary, Charles Joseph Baron von Pichler, in his own handwriting. Several of Marie Antoinette's letters exist, both in the original and, at the same time, in Pichler's well-known handwriting. These are, therefore, the best proofs of the conscientious diligence with which Pichler performed his task. The seventy answers of Maria Theresa exist, as might be inferred from the nature of the case, only in copies made by Pichler. It may be inferred from one of Marie Antoinette's own letters (that of July 21, 1770), that the originals were probably destroyed by her to whom they were addressed.' (P. ix.)

It is contended that these letters form but a part of the correspondence between

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mother and daughter in ten years of separation; and one of the mysteries in this inquiry is, why these particular letters were preserved so carefully, when others have disappeared. However, such as they are, the Vienna letters have now been published with scrupulous fidelity by M. von Arneth; and he has added to his volume photographs from four of them, as specimens of the Queen's handwriting at different periods. Here then we have a certain number of documents of unquestionable authenticity. The custody in which they have been preserved is that of the august family to whose head they were addressed. The gilt-edged paper on which they are written is that which the Queen was known to use. The handwriting of the first letter in July 1770 is that of a child hardly able to form her letters, and confirms Madame Campan's statement that when Maria Antoinette arrived in France, they had to assist her imperfect penmanship, so wretchedly had her education been neglected. In two or three years her hand improved and gradually formed itself. Lastly, the confidential and intimate tone of the letters is precisely what might have been expected to pass between the writers. This then is an undoubted portion of the correspondence in question; but strange to say, although M. d'Hunolstein publishes forty-five and M. Feuillet de Conches twenty-one letters of the same period, alleged to have been exchanged between the Empress-Queen and her daughter, only *one of them* is identical with those which exist at Vienna, many of them are essentially different, and some of them are contradictory and incompatible, not only in point of dates, but in substance.

The courier of the Imperial Embassy, by whom Marie Antoinette sent her letters, started from Vienna about the beginning of every month, and from Versailles on his return about the 15th; and as he generally carried a private letter from each sovereign, about twelve letters must have been sent every year on each side. In the space of nearly ten years this would amount to 240 letters. Only 153 are published by M. von Arneth, but with some allowance for occasional interruptions, omissions, or losses, this is not very far below the estimated number. In the earlier years the correspondence was less frequent and regular. In 1778 no less than thirty letters were exchanged, owing to two peculiar occurrences in the spring of that year—the disputes on the Bavarian succession and the first pregnancy of the Queen. These circumstances led to an increase in the number of couriers, which

did not take place on any other occasion. But the incredible part of the story is that while this correspondence was going on at regular intervals—the Empress always writing at the beginning of the month, and the Queen always answering in the middle of the month—*another series* of letters should have passed at *irregular dates*, wholly unnoticed in the authentic correspondence. In M. d'Hunolstein's volume many of the Queen's letters are dated *early* in the month,—a time at which she appears never to have written, as her letters would have crossed her mother's letter on the road.

The volume for which M. d'Hunolstein is responsible has been ushered into the world without any pretension to editorial care. That gentleman contents himself with informing his readers that all the documents comprised in it have been copied from and collated with the originals—that some of these letters had appeared elsewhere, because the Queen was in the habit of making drafts and keeping copies of her correspondence—but that all the letters now published by him are printed from *bonâ fide* originals collected by himself. It does not seem to have occurred to M. d'Hunolstein that to establish the authenticity of these originals something more is needed than the mere inspection of them by a few 'serious amateurs.' Where did they come from? How came it to pass that letters addressed for the most part to the near relations of the Queen at Vienna and in other parts of Europe, should nevertheless have been removed from the depositories where they would naturally be preserved, and offered for sale in Paris? We know indeed that in 1809 Napoleon obtained at Vienna copies of some of the remarkable letters written by Marie Antoinette to her brother, the Emperor Leopold, in 1791, which he brought to Paris, and which were published in 1835 in the 'Revue Rétrospective.' But the cession of these precious documents was an affair of state. Nevertheless, M. d'Hunolstein boasts that *he* is the possessor of the originals of some of these same papers, and has republished them in this volume. The mere fact that several autograph copies exist of a very lengthy and confidential document throws suspicion on it. The improbability that such a paper would be repeatedly copied by the writer, when the discovery of a single copy might have cost a life, is extreme. Every collector of autographs knows that without extrinsic evidence no absolute reliance can be placed on the apparent identity of handwriting. But

in this case the extrinsic evidence is against the authenticity of M. d'Hunolstein's collection.*

These adverse facts have been collected with much ingenuity, but far too much acrimony, by M. von Sybel, the editor of the 'Historische Zeitschrift' of Munich. He pointed out that the style of the series of letters to Maria Theresa published by M. von Arneth is simple, dry, childish, and natural — that of her letters in the French editions far more elaborate, sentimental, and artificial; that no new facts are adverted to in the French collections, which were not already known by Madame Campan's *Memoirs* or the *Gazette* of Paris; that the Dauphiness always signs her letters 'Antoinette' in the Austrian series, and always 'Marie Antoinette' in the French series; that with reference to the letters said to be addressed by the Queen to her sister Marie Christine, Duchess of Saxe-Teschén, whom she calls her dearest friend, there was, in fact, no such intimacy between them; the Arch-Duchess was thirteen years older than the Queen, that is, almost twice her age at the time of her marriage, and Marie Antoinette was in the nursery when Marie Christine left Vienna. It appears, moreover, that the papers of this lady and her husband the Duke Albert (with his diary) have been carefully preserved, and that they contain no allusion to any intimate correspondence with the Queen of France. Upon an actual inspection of the Hunolstein letters by M. Sybel, these suspicions were augmented. All the Austrian letters are on gilt-edged paper — all the French letters are plain. The writing of the former varies considerably with the advancing years of the young Princess — that of the latter is uniform.

To these and many other similar considerations must be added some remarkable in-

consistencies in the two correspondences supposed to be simultaneous. For instance: in the very first authentic letter of Marie Antoinette to her mother (9th July, 1770, Arneth Collection) she says:—

'Le Roi a mille bontés pour moi, et je l'aime tendrement; mais c'est à faire pitié la faiblesse qu'il a pour Madame du Barry, qui est la plus sottise et impertinente créature qui soit imaginable. Elle a joué tous les soirs avec nous à Marly; elle s'est trouvée deux fois à côté de moi, mais elle ne m'a point parlé, et je n'ai point tâché justement de lier conversation avec elle; mais, quand il le fallait, je lui ai pourtant parlé.'

In several of the letters of Maria Theresa, that politic princess, whose moral dignity did not stand in the way of her interest, recommended her daughter to beware of affronting the King's favourite, who was notoriously the bitterest enemy of the Duc de Choiseul's party, and to conceal her abhorrence of so contemptible and profligate a personage. More than once the Empress reverts to this subject with great severity, and scolds her daughter (the word is not too strong) for not having spoken to the Du Barry with sufficient politeness. 'Vous ne devez connaître ni voir la Barry d'un autre œil que d'être une dame admise à la Cour et à la société du Roi. Vous êtes la première sujette de lui, vous lui devez obéissance et soumission; vous devez être l'exemple de la Cour aux courtisanes, que les volontés de votre maître s'exécutent.' Marie Antoinette received these remonstrances with spirit, and did not disguise her distaste at the part she was told to play. 'Vous pouvez bien croire,' she replied, 'que je sacrifie toujours mes préjugés et mes répugnances, tant qu'on me proposera rien d'affiché et contre l'honneur. . . . Je puis bien vous assurer que quoique je vous ai montré vivement ma sensibilité, ce n'était que de la sensibilité: on me laisse assez tranquille sur cet article, les amies et amis de cette créature n'ont pas à se plaindre que je les traite mal.' The subject, in short, recurs continually in the letters of both mother and daughter, and it was one on which they evidently both felt strongly, though in a very different manner; and it must be admitted that Marie Antoinette, young as she was, had a truer sense of her own dignity than her experienced parent.

Nothing, however of all this appears in any of the letters of the French editors; but, on the contrary, in a letter from the Dauphiness to her mother of the 7th De-

* It is the more remarkable that so many of the private papers of Marie Antoinette should recently have turned up in Paris, as Madame Campan expressly states that they were burnt immediately after the 14th of July, 1792. 'La crainte d'une nouvelle invasion des Tuileries fit faire les recherches les plus exactes dans les papiers du Roi; je brûlai presque tous ceux de la Reine. Elle mit dans un portefeuille, qu'elle confia Monsieur de J., ses lettres de famille, etc., et ses réponses dont elle avait fait des copies. M. de J., n'a pu conserver de dépôt; il a été brûlé.' (*Mémoires de Madame de Campan*, vol. ii. p. 207.) Supposing, however, that Madame Campan was mistaken in this last particular, and that this 'dépôt' had not been burnt, that would explain the possibility of the discovery of the papers. We hear that some of these documents have been procured from a person formerly in Madame Campan's employment. On the other hand, the statement that these papers did exist, and were confided to her, may have encouraged persons to supply by forgery the lost originals.

cember 1771, published by M. Feuillet de Conches, the following passage occurs:—

'Reste Madame Du Barry, dont je ne vous ai jamais reparlé.* Je me suis tenue, devant la *foiblesse*, avec toute la réserve que vous m'aviez recommandée. On m'a fait souper avec elle, et elle a pris avec moi un ton demi-respectueux et embarrassé et demi-protecteur. Je ne me départirai pas de vos conseils, dont je n'ai pas même parlé à M. le Dauphin, qui ne peut la souffrir, mais n'en marque rien par respect pour le Roi. Elle a une cour assidue, les ambassadeurs y vont, et toute personne de distinction demande à être présentée. On fait foule comme chez une princesse: elle fait cercle, on se précipite, et elle dit son petit mot à chacun. Elle règne. Il pleut dans le moment où je vous écris: c'est probablement qu'elle l'aura permis.' (Feuillet de Conches, vol. i. p. 27.)

It is evident that the tone and statements of the Vienna letters (which are certainly authentic) on this subject are totally at variance with the language of the letters in the French collections, and the passage just quoted may serve as a specimen of the epigrammatic turn of the French letters, which is amusing enough, but very unlike the style of a girl of sixteen writing to her mother on a matter of so much delicacy and difficulty.

We proceed to another example of these inconsistencies. M. d'Hunolstein publishes eight letters from Marie Antoinette to her mother, dated between the 30th of April and the 18th of May, 1774. The death of Louis XV. took place on the 10th of May, and was of course followed by the immediate accession of his grandson to the throne. These letters, therefore, describe the progress of the King's illness and its fatal termination. At the moment of assuming the crown, the following letter is attributed to the youthful Queen by both the French editors; for, oddly enough, each of them has a copy of this document in the Queen's own handwriting—that belonging to M. d'Hunolstein we have not seen, but we presume that it purports to be the original—that of M. Feuillet de Conches (which we have ourselves examined) is a draft with corrections in the same hand. This draft formed part of the papers of the Abbé de Vermond, the Queen's reader. It runs thus:

'MADAME ET TRES CHERE MERE, — Que Dieu veuille sur vous! Le Roi a cessé d'exister dans le milieu du jour. Depuis la matinée du 8, son état n'avait fait qu'empirer, et il a dé-

* It was *parlé* in the first edition, but that was a misprint.

mandé l'extrême onction, qu'il a reçue dans des sentiments de piété admirables. Il avait conservé toute sa connaissance et sa présence d'esprit pendant toute sa maladie, avec un courage inouï. Mon Dieu! qu'allons-nous devenir? Monsieur le Dauphin et moi, nous sommes épouvantés de régner si jeunes. O ma bonne mère, ne ménagez pas vos conseils à vos malheureux enfants.

The sentimental tone of this composition first awakened our own suspicions as to the authenticity of the French correspondence. This is the language of the drama or of romance—not at all the simple matter-of-fact language of Marie Antoinette, who, in her own undoubted letters, never aims at any effects of style, and was indeed at that time incapable of producing them. It is true that, admitting the letter not to be the production of the Queen, the draft, which we have carefully examined and which bears all the external signs of genuineness, might have been prepared by the Abbé de Vermond and never used. In discussing the letters of royal and eminent persons, it must be borne in mind that a considerable portion of the correspondence written in their names is not their own at all, but is the work of a confidential secretary, who frequently acquires, by habit and imitation, an undistinguishable similarity or identity of handwriting. This officer was known at the Court of Versailles by the title of the *Sécretaire de la main*. 'Avoir la plume,' says St. Simon, 'c'est être faussaire public, et faire par charge ce qui coûteroit la vie à un autre. Cet exercice consiste à imiter si exactement l'écriture du roi qu'elle ne se puisse distinguer de celle que la plume contrefait.' President Rose (to whom the foregoing observation is applied) filled this office to Louis XIV. for fifty years. The Abbé de Vermond appears to have stood in very nearly the same confidential relation to Marie Antoinette. He had been recommended by M. de Brienne, then Archbishop of Toulouse, to be her preceptor at Vienna, and he was chosen by M. de Choiseul, at the time of her marriage, to form part of her escort into France. He never left her; he appears to have lived in her presence, and to have been employed in all the little transactions of daily life, a silent, humble, scarcely-perceived, but ever-present friend. He took no part in politics; he mixed in no court intrigues; and if he did no great good, he had at least the merit of doing no harm. Madame Campan, who probably disliked this little Abbé with a *jalousie de mélier*, complains that he gave himself airs. But this is an exaggeration: the long

continuance of his services is the best proof of his inoffensive disposition. Yet Louis XVI. disliked him. Vermont was the man of Choiseul, the creature and representative of the Austrian alliance. He was allowed to remain in the Queen's apartment like a piece of furniture she might have brought with her from Vienna; but for *eighteen years*, though the King probably saw him daily, his Majesty never addressed a word of civility to him, or indeed took any notice of his presence. It was not till 1788, at the time of the affair of the necklace, when the Abbé had executed with address a delicate and important negotiation, that the King once said to him on leaving the room, 'You have done the Queen a service, Sir, I thank you.' But the devotion of the Abbé to his royal mistress stopped short on this side of martyrdom, and gives one a low impression of his courage to know that he took an early opportunity of escaping to Brussels in the first flight of the emigration. In several of the Queen's letters to M. de Mercy she inquires for the Abbé with great interest.

It is admitted on all hands that the Abbé de Vermont did actually write a great many of the Queen's letters, as it was his business to do. Marie Antoinette at fifteen was wholly incapable of composing, or even of copying in a legible hand, the formal and complimentary letters to different persons which figure in these volumes. In February 1771, her mother says to her: 'I can't help observing that the handwriting of your letters is daily worse and more incorrect. You ought to have improved in the last ten months. I was ashamed to see the letters you have written to several ladies handed about. You ought to write exercises with the Abbé or some one else to form your hand, to make it more even.' The photographs of the first letters in M. von Arneth's volume establish this fact, and we may infer from it that at the time at which we are now speaking, the Abbé had a large share in the correspondence. This circumstance opens the door to fresh uncertainty, for no one can tell with precision where the Queen begins and the Abbé ends; and it may very well have happened that drafts prepared by the Abbé were never used or sent by the Queen at all.

But to return to the letter of the 10th of May, in which the young Queen is represented to have conveyed the news of the death of Louis XV. in this tragical and hyperbolic language. The truth is, that a letter exists in the Vienna collection of the 14th of May, the date of the usual courier in the

middle of the month, which begins in the following simple and matter-of-fact sentences:—

'MADAME MA TRES CHERE MERE,—Mercy [the Austrian ambassador] will have informed you of the circumstances of our misfortune. Happily this cruel malady left the King in possession of his faculties to the last moment, and his end was very edifying. The new King seems to have the heart of his people: two days before his grandfather's death he caused 200,000 francs to be distributed to the poor, which produced a great effect. Since the demise he works incessantly, and answers, with his own hand, the Ministers whom he cannot yet receive, and many other people. What is certain is that he has a taste for economy, and the greatest desire to make his subjects happy. In all things he has the desire as much as the need of instructing himself. I hope God will bless his good intentions. The public anticipated many immediate changes; the King has contented himself with sending "the creature" to a convent, and banishing from court all that bears that name of scandal. (*Von Arneth's Collection*, p. 98.)

The letter goes on to speak at some length on indifferent subjects—the disgrace of a young Esterhazy—the illness of the late King's daughters who had taken the small-pox while attending their father's death-bed—the new appointments in the Queen's household, &c. It then concludes thus:—

'Though God caused me to be born in the rank I now occupy, I cannot but admire the order of His providence, which has selected me—me, the last of your children, for the finest realm in Europe. I feel more than ever what I owe to the tenderness of my angust mother, who took so much pains and care to procure for me this great establishment. I never so strongly desired to place myself at her feet, to embrace her, to pour out my soul before her, and to show her how filled I am with respect, affection, and gratitude.

'P. S.—The Abbé is at your feet [we suspect there is a touch of his pen in the last sentence]; he is as full of respect and gratitude for your goodness as of attachment to me.'

Here follow a few lines in the King's writing:—

'I am very glad to find an opportunity, ma chère Maman, to prove to you my tenderness and attachment. I wish I could have your advice in these moments, which are so embarrassing. I should be charmed to satisfy you, and so to show all the attachment and gratitude I feel to you for giving me your daughter, with whom I am as pleased as it is possible.'

Marie Antoinette seems to have felt that

this little paragraph was not worthy of the occasion, and adds:—

'The King would not let my letter go without adding his scrap. I feel that he would have done no more than is proper if he had written a letter on purpose. I entreat my dear Mamma to excuse him, as he has so many things on his hands, which occupy him, besides being naturally timid and shy. You see, dear Mamma, by the end of his compliment, that though he is very fond of me, he does not spoil me by saying sweet things.'

This letter strikes us as very interesting, and if we cast a glance onwards to the close of the reign which had just commenced, its simplicity and homeliness are touching. It bears the stamp of reality. There is not a trace of affectation about it. The 'O ma bonne mère!' of the French editors becomes simply 'ma chère maman;' and between the two compositions there is just the difference which exists between the language of a person of high breeding in a great position and the language of a vulgar person endeavouring to act up to a great part. The King's 'scrap,' and the postscript in which the Queen makes the best excuse she can for the bluntness and brevity of her husband, are perfectly characteristic. We seem to see the writers of that page before us. The contrast between this plain letter and the romantic éry of the 'malheureux enfans' called to 'régner si jeunes' is complete; and the undoubted genuineness of the letter of the 14th seems to us to deprive of all credit the pretended letter of the 10th of May.

A formal autograph letter was addressed by Louis XVI. to Maria Theresa on the 5th of June, to notify his accession to the throne. It still exists in the Imperial Library of Vienna, and is published by M. Feuillet de Conches in his third volume. The answer of Maria Theresa to the authentic letter of the 14th of May is published both by M. von Arneth and by M. Feuillet de Conches in the Supplement to the 2nd vol. p. 441. The Empress refers in the following terms to the passage we have just quoted:—'I cannot tell you how much I was touched by the lines the King chose to add to your letter. This is a cordiality I prefer to everything, and his attention in telling me that he is pleased with my dear daughter, and that he thought of me in the first moments of his trying situation, brought tears into my eyes. He even says he wishes for advice: *que cela est respectable à son âge.*' She then proceeds to give the advice asked for, not forgetting to recommend the pardon of

M. de Choiseul and his sister (M^{de} de Grammont), and entire confidence in Mercy, 'who is as much your Minister as my own.'

The more the letters published by M. d'Hunolstein are examined, the more evident it becomes that they are precisely such as an ingenious person might compose from the incidents and the gossip recorded in the memoirs and old newspapers of the time. Thus, they frequently contain verses supposed to be copied by the Queen, and notices of occurrences of more interest to us than they could have been when they happened; such as the illness of M. de Buffon, the visit of Glück to Paris, &c. The Austrian collection of the Queen's letters contains nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, abounds in private details (very fit to be addressed by the Dauphiness to a mother) on her own health and her natural desire to bear children. There is no surer test of the genuineness of a document than the fact that it contains matter of deep interest to the writer, but of no interest at all to future generations. The introduction of details which subsequent events have invested with peculiar interest to posterity is in itself a ground of suspicion.

In another of M. d'Hunolstein's letters there occurs a blunder which is of itself decisive. The Queen says (25th of February, 1774), to her sister, 'J'ai pris intérêt à votre *Lammerfest*, pour laquelle Noverre a fait des merveilles;' and the editor subjoins to this expression a note, to inform the reader that '*Lammerfest*' means '*Fête des Agneaux.*' Now, it appears that no such *lamb-feast* as this either is, or ever was, known at the Court of Vienna, but the German critics have taken the trouble to ascertain that at this very time a *Kammerball*, or *Kammerfest* (as the smaller court entertainments are usually called), did actually take place there, under the auspices of the ballet-master Noverre. It is evident that whoever framed the letter meant to refer to this entertainment, but the writer (whom we therefore take to be another person) wrote an *L* instead of a *K*, and converted the word into '*Lammerfest*,' which M. d'Hunolstein interprets the '*Fête des Agneaux.*'

We are chiefly indebted to M. von Sybel and the German reviewers for the points which have thus far seemed to throw doubt upon a portion of these letters. We are now about to advert to a blunder, which has not been noticed in Germany, and which is naturally more apparent to an English eye. Several of the letters in M. d'Hunolstein's collection bearing the date

of 1791, and written by the Queen to her brother, the Emperor Leopold, and his ambassador Mercy, during the trying circumstances of that eventful year, are undoubtedly genuine; copies of some of them exist in the Imperial Archives of Vienna, where of course the originals ought to be found, and some others have previously been published in the 'Revue Rétrospective.' Amongst the letters of this date, one only is assigned to the correspondence between Marie Antoinette and her sister Marie Christine, Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, and it is the more remarkable as no other letter appears to have been addressed by the Queen to that Princess in the five preceding years.* This letter gives an account of the distressing situation of the Royal Family, and of the implacable hostility of the Duke of Orleans, which the Queen attributes to the exile to Villers-Cotteret, extorted, she says, from the King by the Garde des Sceaux Lamoignon. It contains a touching and prophetic phrase, which has been largely quoted and commented on in France:—'They will kill me, my dear Christine; after my death defend me with all your heart. I have always merited your esteem, and that of worthy persons in all countries. I am accused of horrors of which it is needless to say that I am innocent—and the King happily judges of me like a good man. He knows I have never been wanting in what was due to him and to myself.' One would fain believe that these noble and dignified expressions are not the work of a literary forger; but unluckily that which follows renders this belief untenable. The Queen goes on to speak with affection of the Princess de Lamballe, who, she says, had secretly, and to oblige her mistress, made an arduous voyage to England. And then occurs the following remarkable phrase:—

'The Queen and her daughters received her (Madame de Lamballe) favorably: but the mind

* M. von Sybel argues that as only one letter from the Queen to her sister has been found in the Saxe-Teschen papers, no such correspondence could have existed. But that fact does not warrant the inference, and we have no doubt at all that some correspondence did take place between Marie Antoinette at Versailles, and Marie Christine at Brussels. When the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Teschen fled from the Low Countries after the battle of Jemmapes, their papers and other valuables were embarked on two vessels, one of which was lost, and a portion of the Duke's Journal was lost in it. The two volumes of the original Journal which were saved are still stained with sea-water. The fact that the letters have not been found does not prove that they never existed; but we very much doubt whether the letters published by M. d'Hunolstein are the documents.

of the King is deranged. It is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who governs, and he said cruelly and almost in express terms to the Princess, that we have brought our misfortunes upon ourselves.' (Hunolstein, p. 293.)

It is not credible that the Queen of France writing at the time could have committed such an anachronism, or could have been so misinformed. George III., as is well known, became deranged in October 1788; but on the 10th of March 1789 he formally resumed the reins of Government by opening Parliament. The King was not afflicted by any serious return of his dreadful malady for several years, and he was certainly in full possession of his faculties in August 1791. It is therefore evident that this passage was inserted by some one who had a vague knowledge of the King's insanity, without having ascertained when it ceased. It is also extremely improbable that the Queen would have described the First Minister of the Crown as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for though Mr. Pitt held that office he was known as the First Lord of the Treasury; and it is wholly inconsistent with his character or with the feelings he entertained towards the Royal Family of France, that he should have made a brutal speech to Princess de Lamballe, who was herself so nearly connected with those illustrious victims. In our judgment, therefore, this passage stamps the letter in which it occurs as a spurious production. It is scarcely necessary to quote authorities to prove how entirely the writer of the sentence in question has misconceived the real views of the English Ministry and of the King at that time. But there is a passage in a letter from Mr. Burke to his son dated the 16th of August 1791, which is so clear and conclusive on the point that it may be worth while to cite it. Burke says:—

'Since I wrote the two first sheets I have seen Mr. Dundas, and have received a complete and satisfactory assurance of the neutrality, at least amicable, of this Court. To say the truth, I asked him his opinion directly and without management. But he set me quite at my ease, not only with regard to himself, but to every sub-division of the Ministry, who all agreed, and very heartily, in this point. The King is himself (and I confess, considering everything, it is very generous, and wise, too, in him) most earnest in favor of this cause of sovereigns. He is constantly asking whether the King of France will be firm and reject the Constitution.' (Burke's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 274.)

It is therefore highly improbable that the Princess de Lamballe or any competent

agent should have conveyed to the Queen the false impression contained in her supposed letter.

But this is not all. The second volume of M. Feuillet de Conches' collection furnishes still more conclusive evidence on this point. In August 1791 the Count de Mercy made a short visit of curiosity to London: upon his return to Brussels on the 4th of September he writes to Prince Kaunitz, then Minister at Vienna, an account of what he saw there. He terms it a visit of curiosity, but as the Declaration of Pillnitz was actually signed at the very same moment, it may fairly be supposed that Mercy went to London to sound the disposition of the British Government on the great question of intervention in the affairs of France. He relates that King George III. desired that he should be presented to him, and he infers from the silence affected by Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville that the English Cabinet was resolved to watch the course of events in a free and passive attitude, and to take advantage of such measures as might be adopted by the other Powers in so important a conjuncture. He also saw Mr. Burke, and on the 20th of August he sent to the Queen a copy of Burke's advice and opinion. Marie Antoinette knew that Mercy had been to London, for on the 5th of September she writes to him, 'La personne que vous avez vue à Londres est arrivée;' and it appears from another letter of Mercy's that this person was charged by him with a full oral explanation of the state of affairs, to the effect that most of the other Powers had attached to their proposed intervention the condition that England should take part in it. He adds, 'On se rappellera sans doute qu'il avoit été prévu depuis longtemps que les plus grands obstacles proviendraient de ce côté-là. Malheureusement on ne s'est point trompé, et on s'est mis à même de s'en assurer.*' These passages are extremely interesting on other grounds, because they demonstrate the reluctance of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues to interfere in the affairs of France. But they

also establish that Marie Antoinette had at that very moment accurate information from London through far better channels than the Princess de Lamballe, and that she could not possibly have supposed that the King of England was at that time out of his mind.

We have now done with M. d'Hunolstein. His collection of autograph letters appears to us to merit no confidence, and, as we have shown, several portions of them are demonstrably false. No vindication of the authenticity of his publication has been attempted, and before he gave his name to a volume of such questionable pretensions he was bound, we think, to have exercised far more circumspection than he appears to possess.

The case of the collection edited by M. Feuillet de Conches is widely different, and it is an act of great injustice on the part of the German critics to have confounded the two publications together, and to have used against the larger publication arguments suggested by the imperfections and contradictions of the smaller one. M. Feuillet de Conches is a gentleman well known in the society of Paris and in the world of letters. He fills an important position at the French Court and in the French Foreign Office. He is the possessor of one of the finest collections of autographs in existence, which serve not only to gratify curiosity but to illustrate history; and he has devoted his life to the critical study of documents of this nature. The correspondence of the Royal Family included in the three volumes already published, consists not only of letters of Marie Antoinette, but of a large number of papers and letters of Louis XVI. and his sister Madame Elisabeth, as well as of other persons of note. These papers are not by any means the exclusive property of the editor, though a portion of them are in his collection, where they are readily shown and may be examined by persons interested in the subject. We have ourselves had the advantage of examining a great many of them. But the bulk of the collection published in these volumes consists of inedited letters extracted and copied by M. Feuillet de Conches in the Imperial Archives of Paris, Vienna, and Moscow, and also at Stockholm. In the 'second tirage' of the work, which is now before us, the place of deposit or history of almost every document is carefully noted—a precaution which was unfortunately omitted in the first edition, and which is indispensable to works of this nature. It is certain therefore, that we are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a collection of the highest interest, and there can be no doubt

* M. de Mercy knew perfectly well that the neutrality of England was not at that time the sole, or even the principal, obstacle to the intervention of foreign Powers. In a letter from him to M. de la Marck of the 6th September, the following passage occurs:—'*Dans le nombre de ces intéressés il en est un qui se refuse de partager les chances qu'il s'agit de courir; par cela même on peut le regarder, et on le regarde en effet, comme un opposant d'autant plus suspect, que, sous différents rapports, ses convenances contrastent avec celles des autres.*' The person here alluded to was the Count's own Sovereign, the Emperor Leopold, on whom the Queen's hopes of a foreign intervention principally rested!

at all that the vast majority of the letters published by him are perfectly authentic.* But before we pass to the consideration of these historical materials, it is necessary to consider whether M. Feuillet de Conches has not been imposed upon to a certain extent by the same ingenious falsifiers who palmed off so many spurious papers on M. d'Hunolstein. In a certain number of instances this must be the case, for some of the controverted letters appear in both collections; and indeed the fact is at once suspicious that two collectors of autographs, both in Paris and both endeavouring to procure papers of the same period, should, without knowing it, have been enabled to procure duplicates of the same papers, both purporting to be in the handwriting of Marie Antoinette. Drafts and duplicates of important political letters may, no doubt, have been kept, though it deserves remark that the Queen expressly adds in a note to the most remarkable of her letters to her brother, 'Keep this, as I may one day like to see it again:' she therefore had no copy of it at hand. But that similar duplicates copied by herself of the familiar note supposed to have been addressed by her to her mother or her sister, should be in existence, is highly improbable.

Nevertheless, it requires no light evidence to impose on the critical sagacity and experience of such a collector as M. Feuillet de Conches. No one knows better than he does how artfully such documents are fabricated. The world is full, as he says himself, after Madame du Deffand, of *trompeurs, trompés et trompettes*. In these very pages he exposes the hoax which led Miss Helena Williams, in 1803, to publish a volume of imaginary letters of Louis XVI.; and he expresses doubts (which we do not share, after having examined the document) of Lord Houghton's celebrated letter (first published by Louis Blanc) from the Comte de Provence to the Marquis de Favras, by which the Prince is implicated in the conspiracy for which that person suffered.† M. Feuillet de

Conches is perfectly sincere in his own convictions: he is not credulous; he is not unskilled in the mysteries of autographs. We therefore receive with respect whatever he says upon the subject: and the elaborate care with which he has edited these papers is the best proof of the importance he attaches to them.

We shall now leave the disputed question of the authenticity of a portion of these papers, and proceed to extract from those which are of unquestionable authority some of the passages which throw a fuller light on the characters of their authors and the events of the period.

It is worth while to notice how essentially the marriage of Marie Antoinette was a political marriage, and how fatally that circumstance turned to her disadvantage. The system of policy of the Duc de Choiseul consisted mainly in the alliance of France with Austria, by which he hoped to hold in check the Empress of Russia on the one hand, and the Crown of England on the other. In this combination he sought for a system of alliances to compensate in some degree for the losses and humiliations of the peace of 1763, and Marie Antoinette was still an infant when she was already marked out to seal the union of the two States by her marriage. The Empress-Queen, in a letter to her young son-in-law, written just before the nuptials, expressly says, 'I have brought her up with this design; for I have long foreseen that she would share your destiny.' She did indeed share the destiny of that luckless prince, but in a sense very different from that which her mother foresaw or imagined.

Yet, brilliant as the early fortunes of the young Arch-duchess were to the outward eye, it is recorded that sinister presages

applied (not without reason) to Louis XVI. in a caricature of the time, of which all copies in our own possession. This design represents the frogs asking for a king — Lafayette and Bally answer the appeal. On the apprehension of the Marquis de Favras the Comte de Provence displayed the utmost eagerness to disclaim all participation in his plot, and at the same time to get possession of his private papers. The letter in question was purchased in London by Lord Houghton, not very long ago, from a mass of old documents relating to the French Revolution. It bears strong marks of authenticity. The handwriting is apparently that of Louis XVIII.: the paper has been most carefully and ingeniously repaired; and below the signature is a red stamp partly effaced, with the words 'Papiers secrets du procès Favras.' It is written in pale ink. Whatever may be the mystery attached to this document, it certainly bears very strong internal marks of authenticity on the face of it. The existence of this paper is, however, directly opposed to the statements made by the Comte de Provence to the Assembly of the Representatives of the Commune on the 26th of December, when he positively declared, 'Je n'ai point vu M. de Favras: je ne lui ai point écrit.'

* A special permission was given to him by the present Emperor of Austria, with the concurrence of the Comte de Chambord and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to take copies of the letters of Marie Antoinette in the Imperial Archives.

† The letter in question purports to be written by the Comte de Provence to the Marquis de Favras on the 1st November, 1789, and it refers to a project for carrying off the King in the following terms: 'Ce plan a en outre l'avantage d'intimider la nouvelle Cour et de décider l'enlèvement du soliveau.' M. Feuillet de Conches thinks this expression cannot have proceeded from the pen of the first Prince of the blood, who was one day to mount the throne of France. We are not satisfied with this argument. The expression 'le Roi Soliveau' or King Log is obviously taken from Lafontaine's well-known fable, and it is

had attended her from her birth. She came into the world on the very day of the great earthquake at Lisbon. At Kehl the gorgeous pavilion prepared for her reception was hung with tapestry which represented the ill-omened nuptials of Jason and Creusa. The personage who received her on the French shore was the Prince Louis de Rohan, worthless and profligate at all times, and afterwards, as Cardinal and Grand Almoner of France, the chief actor in the scandalous intrigue of the diamond necklace. At Paris the rejoicings appointed for the marriage cost twelve hundred lives. Scarcely had the Dauphiness taken her place at Versailles, when M. de Choiseul was thrust out of office by a cabal in which Madame du Barry took the most active part, and the young Princess found herself at a strange Court, without a political friend in the land of her adoption, married to an uncouth lad of sixteen, whose secret prepossessions were certainly adverse to the Austrian connexion, insulted by the presence and the gibes of the King's mistress, and thrown upon the doubtful society of her aunts and her sister-in-law — the former bigoted old maids, the latter an unmanageable though affectionate child.

Maria Theresa felt, no doubt, the extreme difficulty of her daughter's position, and urged her (as we have seen) to propitiate the Du Barry, and to regulate her own conduct entirely by the advice of M. de Mercy, the Imperial Ambassador. The language addressed to Marie Antoinette by her mother is incredibly severe, but it sounds prophetic: — 'You must play your part, if you wish to be esteemed: you can do it if you will put some constraint on yourself, and take the advice which is given you; but if you give way, I foresee great misfortunes before you — nothing but quarrels and vexations, which will render your life unhappy. . . . All this makes me tremble. I see you going on with a certain assurance and carelessness to total ruin or, at least, into a false track.' But in spite of the solemnity of this language, and the deference Maria Theresa exacted and obtained from her children, the marriage of her daughter to the Dauphin failed to give the Empress any political influence at Versailles. Marie Antoinette herself had no such influence; but she was made to expiate the crime of the Austrian alliance as bitterly as if she had been its most powerful patroness. It was that circumstance which, for several different causes, first directed against her the malignant intrigues of the Court, and sowed an immense crop of

hatred and injustice among the people against an innocent and amiable woman. Maria Theresa was injudicious in inculcating on her daughter, as the first of her duties, the maintenance of the ties with her own country, which her marriage had in fact dissolved, and in constituting the Austrian Ambassador chief adviser of the Queen of France. Mercy, indeed, performed that delicate task with tact and circumspection. The time came when in the whole kingdom of France there was not another man whom Marie Antoinette could really confide in. Nevertheless, it would have been better for her if she had been left to her own impulses; become, as she herself expressed, '*Française jusqu'au bout des ongles*,' and not lived to hear that ferocious cry of '*L'Autrichienne!*' for ever mingling with the crash of the Revolution. In this respect the policy of Maria Theresa did unintentionally conduce to the fatal termination of the reign of Louis XVI. and of her daughter.

M. Feuillet de Conches informs us that many of the autograph papers and letters of Louis XVI. which occur in his collection were obtained by himself from the descendants of two of the members of the Convention appointed to ransack the King's private repositories. They probably kept a portion of what they found there for their own use, and since the death of these persons the autographs have been sold. Some of them are of high interest, such as the draft of the Declaration made by the King to the Assembly at the moment of the flight to Varennes, and the confidential letter to his brother, in which he explains his own motives for accepting the Revolutionary Constitution of 1791. The melancholy fate of Louis XVI., the dignity with which he bore the keenest sufferings and turned aside the grossest insults, the piety of his last moments, have contributed to throw over his name something of the radiance which encircles the martyr and the saint. No doubt, in some of his letters, in domestic life, and in the political transactions which cost him his head, it must be acknowledged that he often showed himself a very narrow-minded, ill-mannered, and incapable personage; but these defects are compensated by his genuine desire to improve the condition of his people and to save them from the consequences of their own follies and crimes. Many of the earlier acts of his reign do the utmost credit to his heart. The following extract of a letter from the King to Turgot will be read with interest: —

'Versailles (February, 1778).

'I have read with care, Monsieur Turgot, all the Reports you submitted to me at the Council, and the six Drafts of Ordinances, which I had previously approved in general terms. I was very glad to make myself master of the details, alone, and in my cabinet. The want of unanimity in my Council on these measures, and the hostility they encounter out of doors, have given me much matter for reflection: but they appear to me to be so useful and so conformable to the welfare of the people, that I cannot hesitate to publish them and to support them with my whole authority. Thus I approve the edict for the suppression of forced labour (*corvées*) by causing the high roads of the kingdom to be repaired at the common cost. To take the time of a labourer, without his own consent, would be equivalent to a tax, even if he were paid for it: much more if he is not paid for it at all. That is an exorbitant charge on a day-labourer living by his time. You say very wisely that a man who is forced to work and who works without remuneration, works ill. These considerations are palpable, and I regret that an edict so well-founded in reason and equity should have excited so much opposition and distrust, even before it was known: but there are so many private interests opposed to the general interest. The more I think of it, my dear Turgot, the more I repeat to myself, that there is nobody but you and I that really love the people. Have this edict engrossed: I will sign it in Council.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 79.)

When M. Turgot was not at his elbow, the King was not always so wise. The *naïveté* of the following passage, in a note to the Garde des Sceaux, Miroménil (written in the year 1775), can hardly be surpassed:—

'Have you read the Memorial of the Protestants? It is very well drawn up; but by what right do they dare to print a Memorial and send it to everybody? There may be persons of a misapplied zeal who harass them, which I do not approve, but, on the other hand, they ought to keep within the bounds prescribed to them. They have a sure way to become like all other citizens, and that is to acknowledge the true religion.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i. p. 66.)

Whatever Louis XVI. might have been in tranquil times, it is evident that when the tempest of the Revolution was howling about him, his faculties became confused, his irresolution increased, and, like most weak men exposed to dangers he could not surmount, he had recourse to deceit. It would be extremely interesting to trace with minuteness in M. Feuillet de Conches' second volume the fluctuations of the King's mind—the motives which led him to accept

the Constitution of 1791 (from a conviction, as he acknowledges, that it would not work)—the attempts made to control the Royalist party at Coblenz, and especially the Comte d'Artois—and, nevertheless, the secret conviction of the King that the only hope of salvation for himself and the Queen lay in escape and foreign intervention, though he continued to the last to dread and deprecate civil war. But our limits forbid us on the present occasion to enter fully into these curious details, and we must content ourselves with recommending the whole series of the papers, to which no suspicion is attached, to the careful examination of every student of the French Revolution.

There are, however, two short documents in the same volume of this collection, which are so conclusive as to the bad faith of the King in his dealings with the Assembly, that we must find room for them in this place. The Royal Family had been stopped in its flight at Varennes, on the 21st June. And here it may be mentioned that M. Feuillet de Conches relates, on the authority of the Marquis Louis de Bouillé, the anecdote that the actual cause of the failure of the whole escape was that the King, whose appetite was insatiable, insisted on stopping for some time at a house of M. de Chamilly, to eat a meal. That meal cost the King his head, and probably changed the tenour of events in Europe. On the 25th June the Royal Family was brought back to Paris. In the interval the King had been virtually deposed by the Assembly. The catastrophe was all but complete: and the letters relating to it in these pages are of a thousand times greater interest than the laboured attempts to describe it in all the daubs and blotches of Mr. Carlyle. At this crisis, then, or a few days later, on the 7th July, the King addressed to the Constituent Assembly the following message:—

'Gentlemen,—I learn that several officers who have passed over to foreign countries have invited the soldiers of their regiments to quit the kingdom and join them abroad, and that this has been done in virtue of certain full powers, directly or indirectly, emanating from myself. I think it right to contradict this assertion and to repeat on the present occasion, what I have already declared, that in leaving Paris my sole intention was to go to Montmédy, whence I should have addressed to the National Assembly the observations I deem necessary on the difficulties attending the execution of the laws and the administration of the kingdom. I positively declare that every person who may say that he is charged with any such powers on my behalf is a most culpable impostor.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. ii. p. 514.)

At a preceding page of the same volume (p. 163), we find the following document, also dated the 7th July 1791, and headed 'General Powers, which the King, after his arrest at Varennes, sent to the Princes, his brothers, by M. de Fersen!' This autograph paper was given to M. Feuillet de Conches by his friend the Vicomte de Fontenay. It runs as follows:—

'I absolutely rely on the affection of my brothers for me, on their attachment to their country, on the friendship of Sovereign Princes, my kinsmen and allies, and on the honour and generosity of the other Sovereigns, to agree together on the manner and the means to be employed in negotiations, designed to restore order and tranquillity in the kingdom: but I think that all employment of force ought only to be placed in the rear of negotiations. I give full powers to my brothers to treat in this sense with whomsoever they choose, and to select the persons to be employed for these political objects.'

So that on the very same day that the King denied to the Assembly, in terms of apparent indignation, that he had given any powers to promote the emigration of troops, he did in fact send to the heads of the emigration full powers to negotiate with foreign Powers for their intervention in the affairs of France. Two months later, on the 14th September, he signified to the Assembly his acceptance of the Constitution—with what sincerity may be inferred from these documents. In forming a judgment on the terrible events of the French Revolution, it must never be forgotten that this disposition of the Court to rely on foreign aid and to subdue the Revolution by foreign influence, was the inexpiable crime of the King and Queen. It was ridiculous to talk of Louis as a tyrant. It was an outrage to ascribe to the Queen, as a woman, any single action which would not have become the noblest of her sex. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of her Austrian education and the frivolity of her early habits, misfortune and danger awakened in her a force of will, a clearness of intelligence, a power of language, and a strength of soul, which speak with imperishable eloquence in every line of the letters written after the commencement of the Revolution. But although these qualities of the Queen do her the highest honour, and in this respect the publication of her most private correspondence can only exalt her reputation, yet these papers render still more apparent the fact that she had but little political judgment, and that neither she nor the King ever conceived the possibility of dealing

honestly with the Revolution. At each successive stage in that protracted tragedy, there was a secret policy always at work in the opposite sense, and that policy, relying mainly on external support, was their destruction. A single instance must suffice to explain our meaning. We select it from a letter in cipher, addressed by the Queen to Count Mercy, on the 28th Sept., 1791, about a fortnight after the King had accepted the Constitution, and a momentary turn in his favour had been given to affairs, if it had been honestly and ably employed. The language of Marie Antoinette demonstrates the entire insincerity of their acquiescence:—

'It is most important for us to know the exact extent of the engagements of the Emperor and the other Powers with the King's brothers, the measure of their good will, and the time at which they may effect it. As for this last point, it appears to me from all your letters, and by the dictates of reason, that the time is at least remote. It is this, therefore, which decided us to take, at this moment, the course we have adopted [acceptance of the Constitution].

'Anyhow, it was necessary to have the air of uniting in good faith with the people. If public opinion does not change, no human power can govern in despite of it. If then it be necessary to adopt the present system, at least for a time, (and it will destroy itself if it be adopted,) it is essential that we should be united to that great majority which is the people, and to inspire it with sufficient strength to resist the machinations of the republicans who are seeking every means of influence and found all their hopes on the next legislature.

'There is another advantage in having the air to adopt the new ideas,—that it is the safest mode of defeating them. When the factions will no longer be able to tell the multitude that the King opposes its welfare by opposing the Constitution, it will be more conscious of the calamities that surround it.

'If, on the other hand, as I dare not flatter myself, the Powers find some prompt and imposing manner to make themselves heard here, and to exact the things they have a right to demand for the safety and balance of power in Europe, it is still necessary to inspire confidence. The fear of external force, though it should use no language but that of reason and the common rights of sovereigns, would mitigate the first shock here, and might decide them to treat the King to act as mediator,—the only part fitted for him, as much from the love he bears his subjects as for the purpose of controlling the faction of the emigrants, who by the tone they assume (which would be raised still higher if they contributed to another order of things) would only plunge the King into a fresh slavery. The wisdom of the Powers must therefore restrain them as much as possible.

Anything they could do alone or without a paramount force, would destroy them, ourselves, and the whole kingdom.' (*Feuillet de Conches*, vol. ii. p. 392.)

Bertrand de Molleville relates in his *Memoirs* that the King and Queen accepted the Constitution in a very different spirit. The King said to him, 'I should have liked to introduce some modifications into the Constitution, but it is now too late; I have accepted it as it is, I have sworn to maintain it. I must keep my engagement; and the more so as I think the exact execution of the Constitution is the surest method of convincing the nation that some changes are required in it. I have no other plan than this, and I shall certainly not deviate from it.' The Queen added to the same Minister, 'The King has acquainted you with his intentions relative to the Constitution; do you not think that the only plan to pursue is to be faithful to his oath?' 'Certainly, your Majesty,' replied Bertrand. 'Well,' said the Queen, 'be sure they will not make us depart from it.' This version of the policy of the Court in September 1791 has been adopted by Thiers and other historians. The letter just quoted demonstrates the insincerity of these assurances, and that the hopes of the Queen were entirely fixed on the intervention of foreign Powers, with a paramount force, to put down the Revolution. Yet that was the most fatal error the Court could then commit; for, as Brissot declared in his *Journal* two years afterwards, 'Without the war there would have been no 10th August; without the 10th August there would have been no Republic.'

But even the simulated confidence of the King in the Constitution was of short duration. He was grossly insulted on his first appearance in the Assembly by an attempt to refuse him the titles of *Sire* and *Your Majesty*; and when he 'vetoed' the law against the *Emigrés*, in November 1791, that act occasioned a definitive rupture.

When Marie Antoinette was brought to her trial, the first question put to the jury was this:— 'Is it proved that manœuvres and intelligences with foreign Powers and other external enemies of the Republic have existed, tending to aid and abet their designs? and is Marie Antoinette of Austria convicted of having participated in these manœuvres and intelligences?' This was the crime punishable by death under the article of the Penal Code which Fouquier applied to her. The trial of the Queen was no doubt a mockery of justice. She was

outraged and insulted by false and indecent charges, irrelevant to the main issue. No real evidence on the main charge of high treason was adduced against her. But if the letters and papers contained in these volumes had been in the hands of her judges, as they are in the hands of posterity, it is impossible even for those who are most deeply affected by her melancholy fate, to deny that the Queen had actively engaged in the foreign intelligences ascribed to her; that she had used her influence and her resources abroad to arm Europe against France; and that when apparent concessions were made to the new Constitution of the French Monarchy, the Queen never relinquished her uncompromising hostility to the Revolution. 'She was,' to borrow the language of M. Mortimer Ternaux, 'afflicted by the most cruel perplexities, but these perplexities were not those of the King. Louis XVI. knew no, whether he ought or ought not to be a constitutional king. Marie Antoinette knew that she chose he should never be one. Hesitating as to the means she should employ, but never as to her object, she had no fixed system of conduct; she was firm only in repugnance and resentment. . . . She dreaded whatever aid came from the interior, because an account must one day be rendered to those who afforded it. She turned her eyes to the armies of the Coalition, without having formed a clear conception of what she needed or what she desired.'

This sentence may seem severe, but it is that of a writer thoroughly versed in the history of the Revolution, full of respect for the Queen's character and of compassion for her unmerited sufferings. And, in our judgment, it is confirmed to demonstration by the voluminous letters extracted by M. Feuillet de Conches from the Austrian Archives and by many of the documents in his own possession. From similar sources he has exposed to the light of day the restless intrigues of the *émigrés*, more especially of the Comte d'Artois and Calonne; the crafty and insincere expedients by which the Emperor Leopold kept alive the expectations of the Court of France without taking any serious engagement; the impetuous but abortive zeal with which Gustavus III. of Sweden was ready to advance, like a knight of old, to the rescue of the Queen; and the artifices by which Catherine of Russia sought to turn the confusion of Europe and the downfall of the French Monarchy to her own advantage. These

materials are of the highest interest, and they exhibit the honesty and sagacity of what was termed the Coalition in a light not more creditable to the sovereigns of Europe than the honesty and sagacity of the Court of France in its relations with the popular party. On these questions M. Feuillet de Conches has rendered services to the secret history of the revolutionary period which are only equalled by the publication of the correspondence of the Comte de la Marck, given to the world in 1851 by M. de Bacourt.

We shall take leave of this part of the subject by citing two interesting letters from the Queen to her brother. The first relates to the negotiations which had been carried on through M. de la Marck between Mirabeau and the Court. It is well known that in order to conceal the game he was playing, that unscrupulous tribune made use of language of increased violence in the Assembly, at the very time he was advising Louis XVI. to countermine the opposition of that body to the existing Ministry; but this inconsistency had the effect of destroying the confidence of the King and Queen in the advice he was giving to them. The following letter relates to this subject:—

'This 22nd October, 1790: St. Cloud.

'We are fallen back into chaos and all our distrust. M. [Mirabeau] had sent in some papers, warmly expressed but well argued, on the necessity of preventing the usurpations of the Assembly, and of resisting its pretensions to interfere in the nomination of Ministers. He has proposed several names, and the King was disposed to examine the question, when, apropos of some disturbances which have occurred in the fleet, he delivered a violent demagogical speech, such as to terrify all honest men.* Here then all our hopes in this quarter are again overthrown: the King is indignant and I in despair. He has written to one of his friends [M. de la Marck] in whom I have great confidence, and who is a most trustworthy gentleman, a letter of explanation

* The entire history of this transactions may be found in the correspondence of Count de la Marck with Mirabeau, vol. ii. p. 251. On the 18th October Mirabeau advised the King to anticipate the vote of want of confidence threatened by the Assembly by dismissing his own Ministers and having a Cabinet taken from the advanced leaders of the Revolutionary party. The King hesitated. On the 18th Mirabeau suspected that the Court was acting under the counsels of a foolish person named Bergasse, whose advice was directly opposed to his own. Irritated by this sign of distrust, he attacked the Court in the Assembly with great bitterness on the 21st, and proposed the substitution of the tricolour flag in the navy for the old *drapeau blanc*. It is to this circumstance the Queen refers in her letter.

which has just been shown to me, and which appears to me very little calculated to explain or excuse anything. This man is a volcano who would set fire to an empire: are we to rely on him then to extinguish the conflagration that consumes us? He will have much to do to regain our confidence. At bottom, the King himself felt how important it is to resist the encroachments of the Assembly, which aims at nothing less than the subversion of the royal authority: but how can we induce him to take advice from those who are bursting into fresh excesses? However, a good counsel is always good, and I am urging the Archbishop (Brienne) to speak. Lam. defends Mir., and maintains that though he has occasional outbreaks, he is sincere in his wish to serve the Monarchy, and will repair this flight of his imagination, which did not come from his heart. But the King will not believe it. I saw yesterday he was very angry. Lam. says he doubts not that Mir. thought he was doing right in speaking thus, in order to deceive the Assembly, and gain credit with it in more momentous circumstances. Oh! God, if we have committed faults, we have keenly expiated them.' (Vol. i. p. 376.)

The last letter of the Queen for which we can find room is also addressed to her brother. M. Feuillet de Conches prints it from the draft in the Queen's handwriting in his own collection. It is extremely touching and characteristic:—

'This 27th December, 1790.

'Yes, my dear brother, our situation is dreadful. I feel it, I see it, and your letter has divined every thing. Human nature is very wicked and perverse, and yet this nation—I have singular proofs of it—is not bad at heart. Their fault is that they are too impulsive. They have generous movements, which do not stay: they are inflamed like children, and once excited they are led to commit every crime, though they may repent of them afterwards in tears of blood. What is the use when the evil is done? You remind me that I had looked forward to the *Etats Généraux* as a source of trouble and the hope of the factious—but since then, what ground we have lost! I am daily outraged by insults and threats. On the death of my poor Dauphin [the Queen's eldest boy died in June 1790,] the nation seemed totally unconscious of the event. From that day, the people are mad, and I am in constant terror. After having undergone the horrors of the 5th and 6th October, anything may be expected. Assassination is at our doors. I cannot show myself at a window, even with my children, without being insulted by a drunken mob, to whom I have done no harm, and amongst whom there are doubtless unfortunates whom I have myself relieved. I am prepared for any event, and I can now, unmoved, hear them crying for my head. My anxieties are increased, my dear

brother, by the state of your health : I cannot tell you how much I was affected by the long letter you wrote me from your bed of sickness. I acknowledge your tenderness and I thank you with all my heart; but forgive me, I entreat you, if I still refuse your advice to leave: remember that I am not my own mistress; my duty is to remain where Providence has placed me, and to oppose my own body, if need be, to the daggers of the assassins who would attack the King. I should be unworthy of our mother, who is as dear to you as to myself, if danger could induce me to fly far away from the King and from my children.' (Vol. ii. p. 402.)

Before we take leave of these interesting collections, one class of letters remains to be noticed, which are, from their singular freshness, vivacity, and originality, the most captivating of all. We mean the copious correspondence of Madame Elisabeth, the King's sister, with her two ladies-in-waiting and confidential friends, Madame de Bombelles and Madame de Raigecourt. The authenticity of these letters cannot be questioned, for they proceed directly from the custody of the representatives of the ladies to whom they were addressed. The three sons of Madame de Bombelles entered the Austrian service, and the youngest of them (who had possession of his mother's letters) became the third and last husband of the Empress Marie Louise. Through Countess de Flahault, when Ambassadress of France at Vienna, these letters were communicated to the present editor, and they have since been collated with another copy of them belonging to the Marquis de Castéja, who married Madame de Bombelles' daughter in 1819. Some of the letters of the Princess to her other friend, Madame de Raigecourt, had already been inaccurately given to the world by M. Ferraud; but they have now been revised and published in their integrity by M. Feuillet de Conches from the original documents in the possession of the present Marquis de Raigecourt. We are thus particular in explaining the history of these papers because they are wholly exempt from the suspicions which have been thrown on some other parts of the collection; and it would be desirable to obtain an equally clear and explicit account of every paper to which a great name has been affixed.

No character in modern history lives in a purer light than that of Madame Elisabeth. She shared the sufferings of her brother; she refused to forsake him when she might have left France; she was of all the victims of the Revolution the purest and the most innocent. But without at all diminishing

the admiration inspired by her virtues, these letters exhibit her character from an entirely new and unexpected point of view. Far from being the resigned and half-celestial creature who sacrificed herself to the tenderness of her affections and the ardour of her faith, Madame Elisabeth was of all the Royal Family of France the most remarkable for the extreme vivacity of her disposition, for her brilliant humour, for her high spirits and enjoyment of life, and for a proud sense of what was once her own great position. Born a Princess and a child of France, she exulted in the pleasures she possessed and the pleasures she could confer on others. To her tastes, her habits, and her ardent convictions, the Revolution, with its brutality and its irreligion, was abominable. From the first day when the storm broke on the marble galleries of Versailles, she retained no illusions, she advocated no concessions. Her courageous heart would have found it easier to break in a bold resistance, than to temporise and exhaust the slow torments of lingering destruction. Yet that was the fate to which she was doomed by the fault of others, rather than by her own; and with a complete knowledge of the extent of that hopeless sacrifice, undeceiving and undeceived, she made it, not only without a murmur, but with a gaiety and gallantry of heart, tempered only by her profound faith in the justice of God and the truth of His religion. She met those perils — she describes those scenes of horror — with a light and unshrinking touch. Even when you trace in the animated irregularity of her style the flutter of the keenest emotion, half-concealed from the friends she was addressing, she shows not a sign of fear; and she allows nothing to check the natural flow of her spirits, except the consciousness of her own imperfections, measured by the standard of divine endurance and divine purity. Yet, with these elevated thoughts and motives ever present to her mind, she is not a whit the less a woman of the world, eagerly sharing in every pursuit and enjoyment and passion of the hour, and owning that it costs her more to relinquish her horses, her gardens, her dairy, and her freedom, than she cares to admit. This strong infusion of youthful gaiety and active tastes, mingled with the fervour of her religious sentiments, gives a new aspect to the character of Elisabeth; but it only renders her more attractive and more original.

We can hardly hope to preserve in a foreign language the peculiar playfulness of her style in these letters, but the following

extracts may give some idea of them. The first in the series was written to Madame de Bombelles the day after the capture of the Bastille:—

'15th July, 1789.

'How kind you are, dearest! All the dreadful events of yesterday had not made me cry; but your letter, which gives me the consolations of your friendship, has cost me a flood of tears. I should be grieved to go away without you. I don't know whether the King will leave Versailles. I would do whatever you wish, if that were to happen. I don't know what I really desire on that point. God knows what is best to be done. We have a pious man at the head of the Council, perhaps He will enlighten him. Take care of yourself, and pray don't come out — though, *ma petite*, I make the sacrifice of seeing you. I love you more than I can tell. At all times, at every moment, I shall feel the same. I hope the evil is not so great as one imagines. What makes me think so is the quiet of Versailles. We were not quite certain yesterday that M. de Launay had been hanged; somebody else had been taken for him. I shall cling, as you advise me, to the *christ* of *Monsieur* (the Comte de Provence,) but I am afraid the wheels are good for nothing. Adieu, dearest, I embrace you as fondly as I love you.' (*Feuille de Conches*, vol. i. p. 233.)

Here follows an outburst from the brave little fanatic, whose religion was not always of the most saintlike temper:—

'Paris, 20th January, 1790.

'As this letter will not see the post-office in France I may write to you rather more at my ease. The Assembly has crowned the measure of its follies and impieties by giving to the Jews admission to all offices. The debate was long, but the rightminded people had, as usual, the worst of it. As yet they have only admitted the Jews who had privileges; but you will see the whole nation will soon have the same advantages. It was reserved for our age to receive in friendship the only people whom God has marked with a sign of reprobation, to forget the death inflicted on our Saviour by that people, and the benefits that Saviour has ever scattered over France. I can't tell you what a rage I am in at this decree. But we must wait and submit with resignation to the punishment reserved to us by Heaven, for this offence will never be allowed to remain unavenged. Our present position proves that God has His days of vengeance, and that if He is long-suffering of evil, He does nevertheless punish it with force, when the ingratitude of mankind has reached its height.

'You will see, or you have already seen, what the Assembly has done to prevent its members from holding offices. [The Assembly had just decreed the non-re-eligibility of its members.] I don't know that it is a good thing. I am afraid it will only render them more violent.

Since the King has taken this step which puts him, as they say, at the head of the Revolution, and strips him, as I say, of the little remaining Crown he had still on his head, the Assembly has not done a thing for him. It is fiercely bent on the destruction of the Clergy. To-day they are going to decide that there are to be no eldest sons. Every sort of extravagance is going on, and no good will come of it.' (Vol. i. p. 304.)

'1st March, 1790.

'We are not yet sure that the Emperor (Joseph) is dead. But one might lay a wager it is so. How Europe will be knocked about! They say his niece has died in her confinement: the happier she, though I am not envious of her lot. As I have always been extremely curious, I should like to see the end of this Revolution. Yet if the days of persecution for the faith were to return, ah! I would ask Heaven to release me from the world first, for I don't feel I have at all the courage to support it. It is true that there is an old proverb which says "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and I doubt not that we should experience it, if the time came. You will think me rather mad. For fear you should find out that you are not erring in thinking so, I leave you and embrace you with all my heart.' (Vol. i. p. 313.)

These touches must suffice to give an impression of the Princess's character—ardent, intolerant sometimes, resolute in opposing danger, dauntless in exposing deceit, foreseeing more clearly than others the track that lay before her, shrinking at times from the shadows that crossed it, but pursuing it at last to the bitter end, in faith and love not unworthy of her Divine Master.

Whatever may have been the errors of judgment and the defects of character of the members of the Royal Family of France—and, as we have seen, they are unreservedly laid bare, by themselves, in these confidential letters to their nearest connexions—it can never be forgotten that their unparalleled misfortunes plead like angels' tongues in their favour. No doubt it may be easy to trace even those misfortunes, in part, to the singular want of tact and resolution exhibited by the King in all the important emergencies of his life—to the wilfulness of the Queen; her inexperience of politics, and her foreign extraction—to the total want of intelligence of the time and of the Revolution, from which even the acuteness of Madame Elisabeth did not exempt her. But with the whole evidence now before the world, which enables us to follow them into the recesses of their thoughts and feelings, we rise from the perusal of these papers with increased sympathy with sufferings, borne in so noble and Christian a spirit.

From The Examiner.

Handbook to the Birds of Australia. By John Gould, F. R. S. In Two Volumes. London: published by the Author. 1865.

THIS book contains, with additions and emendations, the entire letterpress of Mr. Gould's great work on the Ornithology of Australia. It wants only the splendid, life-like* coloured drawings of that fine, but necessarily expensive work. Mr. Gould brings to his task accomplishments peculiar to himself among living naturalists, for he has what may be called a personal acquaintance with the whole life of every creature he describes. He has noted their habits and manners in their own country, however remote,—from the Himalayas to Tasmania, and from the Highlands of Scotland to Egypt and Turkey. A keen sportsman, and a skilful one, his own gun has chiefly contributed to his extensive and well-arranged museum, while his pencil has delineated the best part of its contents.

Australia has been called a land of anomalies, but if by anomalies be meant an irregularity or departure from the ordinary course of nature, a black swan is no more an anomaly than a white one to those (and they are the great majority of mankind) who never saw either. Australia has a mole, of the size of a young pig, with the bill of a duck and the spurs of a cock, that lives chiefly in the water; but it is not less natural than a mole no bigger than a shrew mouse that lives under the earth and that has eyes discoverable only with a microscope.

Yet, although the productions of Australia be not anomalies, there is undoubtedly a greater disparity between them and those of the other quarters of the globe than exists between these among themselves. Thus Europe, Asia, and Africa have each several cereals, and even America has one, but Australia has not even one. The other quarters have their own bread-roots or fruits, but Australia not a single example. Europe, Asia, and Africa have each a great variety of esculent fruits, but Australia is entirely destitute of them. A single race of man of the lowest quality, a single breed of dogs of low degree, and a mouse or two, are the highest order of mammals in Australia. The rest are marsupial animals or pouched creatures with portable nurseries, of quality between a placental animal and a reptile, and of small value to mankind. Australia has not even a monkey, so that if the man of Australia sprang from an

ape by "natural selection," the prototype would not have been a local one.

But the variety of species and the absolute number of the birds of Australia are some compensation for the paucity of its quadrupeds, and Mr. Gould, with his habitual accuracy and fulness, has described no fewer than 600 species. Australia has its birds of prey; its eagles, hawks, kites; its owls and its crows; its goat-suckers, its swallows, its cuckoos, its kingfishers, its parrots, its pigeons, its snipes, partridges, quails, ducks, and gulls; but, with rare exceptions, all these differ from the species of other quarters of the globe. The most important of the feathered tribe to man, the gallinaceous family, is almost wholly absent, and Australia produces not a single true goose. As yet this great country, embracing a greater variety of climate than China, has not yielded a single bird capable of domestication.

Even as to birds, also, the paucity of the higher orders is striking, for even the black swan is but a poor representative of the white swans of the old world. It may, indeed, be remarked that there is but one other considerable portion of the earth's surface in which there is so little animal life, and there it is even more scarce. This is the neighbouring group of the New Zealand isles, where the mammalia are represented by a mouse, where the very marsupials are absent, where the largest of the birds want power of flight, and where the swallow and the swift, which frequent every other part of the earth, are never seen. How strange, then, it seems that all the domesticated animals of the old world, and even the few which the old world borrowed from the new, thrive as well and sometimes even better in these Australian lands, where nature did not plant them, as in their native countries. The grasses which were meant to feed kangaroos, feed sheep, yielding the finest fleeces in the world, and counted by millions. The horses are, in quality, English horses; and the oxen are Herefords, Devons, and Short-horns. The hogs which Captain Cook introduced but a short century ago, have run wild, and now commit the same depredations on the flocks which wolves and foxes do in the old world. Man himself in no way degenerates, and in a few generations hence there will be seen two Anglo-Saxon Empires in the southern hemisphere, producing, no doubt, such contemplative and speculative philosophers as Gibbon and Macaulay have written about.

But it is time that we produce some ex-

amples of Mr. Gould's excellent work. In Australia, as in other regions of the world, there are migratory birds, but occasionally under anomalous conditions at present not intelligible.

Bird-life (says Mr. Gould) follows the law of nature, as seen in the northern hemisphere, and is much more rife at one season than at another. The Swallow and its congeners come and go as regularly in the southern portion of Australia as in England; and so do the Cuckoos, of which there are several species, and not only a single one as with us. Besides these, there are many other birds that are thus influenced; but the extent of their journeying has not been clearly ascertained further than that they generally proceed north when the sun retires, and return when he approaches; that they do not cross the equator is certain, for we should then find these peculiar species northward of the line, which we never do. There are also some non-migratory species which appear to perform a kind of exodus, and entirely forsake the part of the country in which they have been accustomed to dwell, and to betake themselves to some distant region, where they remain for five or ten years, or even for a longer period, and whence they as suddenly disappear as they had arrived. Some remarkable instances of this kind came under my own observation; for instance, the beautiful little warbling Grass Parakeet (*Melopsittacus undulatus*), which prior to 1838 was so rare in the southern parts of Australia that only a single example had been sent to Europe, arrived in that year in such countless multitudes on the Liverpool Plains, that I could have procured any number of specimens, and more than once their delicate bodies formed an excellent article of food for myself and party. The *Calopsitta Nova Hollandiae* forms another case in point, and the beautiful Harlequin Bronzed-winged Pigeon (*Phaps histrionica*) a third; this latter bird occurred in such numbers on the plains near the Namoi in 1839, that eight fell to a single discharge of my gun; both the settlers and natives assured me they had suddenly arrived, and had never before been observed in that part of the country. The aborigines who were with me, and of whom I must speak in the highest praise, from the readiness with which they rendered me their assistance, affirmed, upon learning the nature of my pursuits, that they had come to meet me! The *Tribonyx ventralis* may be cited as another species whose movements are influenced in the same way. This bird visited the colony of Swan River in 1833, and that of South Australia in 1840, in such countless myriads, that whole fields of corn were trodden down and destroyed in a single night; and even the streets and gardens of Adelaide were, according to Captain Sturt, alive with them. Similarly to what occurs in America, and on other great masses of land, we find in Australia the law of representation markedly carried out, as it

mostly is where the same conditions exist. For instance, the beautiful frill-necked Bowerbird of the scrubby plains of New South Wales is represented in north-western Australia by a nearly allied species, which makes its elegant bower in similar situations. The *Podargus humeralis*, which inhabits the *Angophora*-flats of New South Wales, is in like manner represented by the *P. brachypterus* in Western Australia, which presents a similar character of country; and so it is with many other species, both of mammals and birds.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the ornithology of Australia consists in its parrots, equally beautiful, various, and abundant. They have the merit, too, of chattering less offensively than the macaws of America or the parrots of Africa; some of them being even so considerate to human ears as to confine themselves to a whistle. Some of them, too, namely, the ground parrots which live on grass seeds, are, according to Mr. Gould, choice eating, while the flesh of all other parrots is detestable food. The parrots of Australia have a wider geographical range than those of any other region, for they are abundant not only in the tropical and subtropical parts of the continent, but abound in temperate Tasmania, a land not of pine-apples, bananas, and palms, but of wheat, oats, barley, peaches, and apples.

No group of birds (says Mr. Gould) gives to Australia so tropical and foreign an air as the numerous species of this great family by which it is tenanted, each and all of which are individually very abundant. Immense flocks of white Cockatoos are sometimes seen perched among the green foliage of the loftiest trees; the brilliant scarlet breasts of the Rose-hills blaze forth from the yellow flowering *Acacia*; the *Trichoglossi* or Honey-eating Parrakeets enliven the flowering branches of the larger *Eucalypti* with their beauty and their lively actions; the little Grass Parrakeets rise from the plains of the interior and render these solitary spots a world of animation; nay the very towns, particularly Hobart Town and Adelaide, are constantly visited by flights of this beautiful tribe of birds, which traverse the streets with arrow-like swiftness, and chase each other precisely after the manner the *Cypseli* are seen to do in our own islands. In Tasmania I have seen flocks of from fifty to a hundred of the *Platycercus flaviventris*, like tame pigeons, at the barn-doors in the farm-yards of the settlers, to which they descend for the refuse grain thrown out with the straw by the threshers. As might naturally be expected, the agriculturist is often annoyed by the destruction certain species effect among his newly-sown and ripening corn, particularly where the land has been recently cleared and is adjacent to the forests.

About sixty well-defined species of this family are described in the present work. They appear to constitute four great groups, each comprising several genera, nearly the whole of which are peculiarly Australian.

The song of the birds of Australia is not melodious, but, on the contrary, for the most part utterly discordant. The Anglo-Saxon colonist is in his adopted country never greeted with the song of the thrush, the lark, the goldfinch, the linnet, the nightingale, or even the cuckoo. The kingfishers, which elsewhere have hardly any song at all, utter in Australia notes the most unmusical. A huge ugly bird of this family is known to the settlers as the laughing or mocking bird. It is thus described by Mr. Gould.

The *Dacelo gigas* (says Mr. Gould) is a bird with which every resident and traveller in New South Wales is more or less familiar, for, independently of its large size, its voice is so extraordinary as to be unlike that of any other bird. In its disposition it is by no means shy, and when any new objects are presented to its notice, such as a party traversing the bush or pitching their tent in the vicinity of its retreat, it becomes very prying and inquisitive, often perching on the dead branch of some neighbouring tree, and watching with curiosity the kindling of the fire and the preparation of the meal; its presence, however, is seldom detected until it emits its extraordinary gurgling, laughing note, which generally calls forth some exclamation according with the temper of the hearer, such as "There is our old friend the Laughing Jackass," or an epithet of a less friendly character. So remarkable are the sounds emitted by the bird that they have been noted by nearly every writer on New South Wales and its productions. Mr. Caley states that its "loud noise, somewhat like laughing, may be heard at a considerable distance, from which circumstance, and its uncouth appearance, it probably received the extraordinary appellation given to it by the settlers on their first arrival in the colony." Captain Sturt says, "Its cry, which resembles a chorus of wild spirits, is apt to startle the traveller who may be in jeopardy, as if laughing and mocking at his misfortune;" and Mr. Bennet, in his 'Wanderings,' says, "Its peculiar gurgling laugh, commencing in a low, and gradually rising to a high and loud tone, is often heard in all parts of the colony, the deafening noise being poured forth while the bird remains perched upon a neighbouring tree; it rises with the dawn, when the woods re-echo with its gurgling laugh; at sunset it is again heard; and as that glorious orb sinks in the west, a last 'good night' is given in its peculiar tones to all within hearing."

Another variety of this bad music is

found in a bird of the flycatcher family, known to the colonists as the grinder-bird.

This species (says Mr. Gould) ranges over the whole of the southern portions of the Australian continent, and appears to be as numerous at Swan River as it is in New South Wales, where it may be said to be universally distributed; for I observed it in every part I visited, both among the brush as well as in the more open portions of the country, in all of which it is apparently a stationary species. It is a bird possessing many peculiar and very singular habits. It not only captures its prey after the usual manner of the other Flycatchers, but it frequently sallies forth into the open glades of the forests and the cleared lands, and procures it by poisoning itself in the air with a remarkably quick motion of the wings, precisely after the manner of the English Kestrel (*Tinnunculus alaudarius*), every now and then making sudden perpendicular descents to the ground to capture any insect that may attract its notice. It is while performing these singular movements that it produces the remarkable sound, which has procured for it from the colonists of New South Wales the appellation of "The Grinder." The singular habits of this species appear to have attracted the notice of all who have paid any attention to the natural history of New South Wales. Mr. Caley observes, "It is very curious in its actions. In alighting on the stump of a tree it makes several semicircular motions, spreading out its tail at the time, and making a loud noise somewhat like that caused by a razor-grinder at work. I have seen it frequently alight on the ridge of my house, and perform the same evolutions." To this I may add the following account of the actions and manners of this species as observed by Gilbert in Western Australia: "This bird is found in pairs in every variety of situation. Its general note is a loud harsh cry several times repeated; it also utters a loud clear whistle; but its most singular note is that from which it has obtained its colonial name, and which is only emitted while the bird is in a hovering position at a few feet above the ground; this noise so exactly resembles a grinder at work, that a person unaware of its being produced by a bird might easily be misled. Its mode of flight is one of the most graceful and easy imaginable; it rarely mounts high in flying from tree to tree, but moves horizontally with its tail but little spread, and with a very slight motion of the wings; it is during this kind of flight that it utters the harsh note above-mentioned—the grinding note being only emitted during the graceful hovering motion, the object of which appears to be to attract the notice of the insects beneath, for it invariably terminates in the bird descending to the ground, picking up something, flying into a tree close by, and uttering its shrill and distinct whistle."

Among the curiosities of Australian orni-

thology is the bower-bird, the only creature, man excepted, that constructs for itself a play-ground or field for mere sport.

The extraordinary bower-like structure (says Mr. Gould), alluded to in my remarks on the genus, first came under my notice in the Sydney Museum, to which an example had been presented by Charles Coxen, Esq., of Brisbane, as the work of the Satin Bower-bird. This so much interested me that I determined to leave no means untried for ascertaining every particular relating to this peculiar feature in the bird's economy; and on visiting the cedar-brushes of the Liverpool range, I discovered several of these bowers or playing-places, on the ground, under the shelter of the branches of overhanging trees, in the most retired part of the forest: they differed considerably in size, some being a third larger than others. The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built: this, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards and nearly meet at the top: in the interior the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds. The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated with the most gaily-coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue-tail feathers of the Rosehill and Pennantian Parrakeets, bleached bones, the shells of snails, &c.; some of the feathers are inserted among the twigs, while the others with the bones and shells are strewn about near the entrances. The propensity of these birds to fly off with any attractive object is so well known to the natives, that they always search the runs for any small missing article that may have been accidentally dropped in the brush. I myself found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk, of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives. It has now been clearly ascertained that these curious bowers are merely sporting-places in which the sexes meet, and the males display their finery, and exhibit many remarkable actions; and so inherent is this habit, that the living examples, which have from time to time been sent to this country, continue it even in captivity. Those belonging to the Zoological Society have constructed their bowers, decorated and kept them in repair, for several successive years.

Far more remarkable, however, are the megapodes, or birds which construct huge mounds, and then leave their eggs to be

hatched, not by themselves or the sun, but by the fomentation of the assembled mass of materials. Three species of the genus, the most isolated group of all birds in the world, exist in Australia, but some species are also found in Borneo, and in the Philippines. The settlers much puzzled, of course, call them, or more properly miscall them, the brush-turkey, the native pheasant, and the jungle-fowl; but, adds Mr. Gould, "to none of these birds are they in any way allied in general appearance; the megapodæ offer a certain degree of alliance to the gallinacæ, but in the particular odor, shape, and colouring of their eggs, and in the mode in which they are incubated, they are totally different, and in some of these respects offer a resemblance to the tortoises and turtles." One species of the megapodæ is thus described by Mr. Gould:

The most remarkable circumstance (says he) connected with the economy of this species is the fact of its eggs not being incubated in the manner of other birds. At the commencement of spring the Wattled Talegallus scratches together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by the process of fermentation for the development of the young. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying; it varies in size from two to many cart-loads, and in most instances is of a pyramidal form. The construction of the mound is either the work of one pair of birds or, as some suppose, the united labours of several; the same site appears to be resorted to for several years in succession, the birds adding a fresh supply of materials each succeeding season.

The materials composing these mounds are accumulated by the bird grasping a quantity in its foot and throwing it backwards to one common centre, the surface of the ground for a considerable distance being so completely scratched over that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The mound being completed, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited in a circle at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried more than an arm's depth, with the large end upwards; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. I have been credibly informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain half a bushel of eggs at one time from a single mound; and I have myself seen a native woman bring to the encampment in her net half as many as the spoils of a foraging excursion in the neighbouring scrub. Some of the natives state that the females are constantly in the neighbourhood of the mound

about the time the young are likely to be hatched, and frequently uncover and cover them up again, apparently for the purpose of assisting those that may have appeared; while others have informed me that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young allowed to force their way unassisted. One point has been clearly ascertained, namely, that the young from the hour they are hatched are clothed with feathers, and have their wings sufficiently developed to enable them to fly on to the branches of trees, should they need to do so to escape from danger; they are equally nimble on their legs; in fact, as a moth emerges from a chrysalis, dries its wings, and flies away, so the youthful *Talegallus*, when it leaves the egg, is sufficiently perfect to be able to act independently and procure its own food. This we know from personal observation of the bird in a state of captivity; several old birds having constructed mounds, in which their eggs have been deposited and their young developed, in the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park. I shall always look back with pleasure to the fact of my being the first to make known these singular habits. Although, unfortunately, I was almost too late for the breeding-season, I nevertheless saw several of these hatching-mounds, both in the interior of New South Wales and at Illawarra; in every instance they were placed in the most retired and shady glens, and on the slope of a hill, the part above the mound being scratched clean, while all below remained untouched, as if the birds had found it more easy to convey the materials down than to throw them up. The eggs are perfectly white, of a long, oval form three inches and three-quarters long by two inches and a half in diameter.

The family of pigeons in Australia have no fewer than twenty species, but the Anatidæ, or swimmers, so numerous in Europe, Asia, and America, yields only nine, among which, by far the most remarkable, are the black swan and the cereopsis goose. The cygnus atratus, the impossible bird to the Romans in their comparatively little world, was not known by Europeans to exist until the close of the seventeenth century (1698), that is, near two hundred years after the discovery of America, so slow were we in obtaining any tolerable acquaintance with the fifth continent. The cereopsis goose is not a goose at all, but is itself a genus, of which it is the only species. We copy Mr. Gould's lucid account of this bird:

This is one of the Australian birds which particularly attracted the notice of the earlier voyagers to that country, by nearly every one of whom it is mentioned as being very plentiful on all the islands in Bass's Straits, and so tame that it might be easily knocked down

with sticks or even captured by hand; during my sojourn in the country I visited many of the localities above-mentioned, and found that, so far from its being still numerous, it is almost extirpated; I killed a pair on Isabella Island, one of a small group near Flander's Island, on the 12th of January, 1839. I believe that it may be still found on some parts of the south coast of Australia; but in the colonized districts, where it has been much molested, it has now become so scarce that it is very rarely seen. It passes the greater portion of its time on the ground, and seldom takes to the water. It appears to be strictly a vegetable feeder, and to subsist principally upon grasses in the neighbourhood of the coast; consequently its flesh is excellent, and all who have tasted it agree in extolling its delicacy and flavour. It bears confinement remarkably well, but is by no means a desirable addition to the farmyard; for it is so pugnacious, that it not only drives all other birds before it, but readily attacks pigs, dog, or any other animal that may approach, and often inflicts severe wounds with its hard and sharp bill.

The cereopsis is a striking example of that facility with which man, in his helpless condition when he first appeared on earth, could have obtained food. The islands in Bass's Straits were inaccessible to the natives who had no boats, and hence, therefore, the cereopsis was in the same unsuspecting state as the birds of the Gallipagos Islands, so graphically described by Charles Darwin in the very best book of travels of this century.

Mr. Gould's account of the petrels which frequent the shores of Tasmania to breed, and more especially the islands in Bass's Straits, is most curious. He had himself visited their breeding grounds, and the number of the young of these birds and of their eggs excited his astonishment; but he judiciously prefers quoting the account of an observer who had a still better acquaintance with them. We should have been glad to have given the whole of Mr. Davies's statement had our room permitted, but we must confine ourselves to the following extract:

"About the commencement of September these birds congregate in immense flocks, and shortly afterwards proceed at sunset to the different isles upon which they have established their rookeries. Here they remain during the night for the space of about ten days, forming their burrows and preparing for the ensuing laying-season. They then leave, and continue at sea for about five weeks.

"About the 20th of November at sunset a few come in to lay, and gradually increase in number until the night of the 24th. Still there

are comparatively few, and a person would find some difficulty in collecting two dozen eggs on the morning of that day.

"It is not in my power to describe the scene that presents itself at Green Island on the night of the 24th of November. A few minutes before sunset, flocks are seen making for the island from every quarter, and that with a rapidity hardly conceivable; when they congregate together, so dense is the clond, that night is ushered in full ten minutes before the usual time. The birds continue flitting about the island for nearly an hour and then settle upon it. The whole island is burrowed; and when I state that there are not sufficient burrows for one-fourth of the birds to lay in, the scene of noise and confusion that ensues may be imagined—I will not attempt to describe it. On the morning of the 25th the male birds take their departure, returning again in the evening, and so they continue to do until the end of the season. . . . Every burrow on the island contains, according to its size, from one to three or four birds, and as many eggs; one is the general rule. At least three-fourths of the birds lay under the bushes, and the eggs are so numerous, that great care must be taken to avoid treading upon them. The natives from Flinder's generally live for some days on Green Island at this time of the year for the purpose of collecting the eggs, and again in March or April for curing the young birds. . . Besides Green Island, the principal rookeries of these birds are situated between Flinder's Island and Cape Barren, and most of the smaller islands in Furneaux's group. The eggs and cured birds form a great portion of the food of sealers, and, together with the feathers, constitute the principal articles of their traffic. The mode by which the feathers are obtained has been described to me as follows:

"The birds cannot rise from the ground, but must first go into the water; in effecting which, they make numerous tracks to the beach similar to those of a kangaroo; these are stopped before morning, with the exception of one leading over a shelving bank, at the bottom of which is dug a pit in the sand; the birds, finding all avenues closed but this, follow each other in such numbers, that, as they fall into the pit, they are immediately smothered by those succeeding them. It takes the feathers of forty birds to weigh a pound; consequently sixteen hundred must be sacrificed to make a feather bed of forty pounds weight. Notwithstanding the enormous annual destruction of these birds, I did not, during the five years that I was in the habit of visiting the Straits, perceive any sensible diminution in their number. The young birds leave the rookeries about the latter end of April, and form one scattered flock in Bass's Straits. I have actually sailed through them from Flinder's Island to the heads of the Tamar, a distance of eighty miles. They shortly afterwards separate into dense flocks, and finally leave the coast. The old

birds are very oily, but the young are literally one mass of fat, which has a tallowy appearance, and hence I presume the name of Mutton-Bird. To this I may add that the young birds are very good when fresh, and the old birds after being skinned and preserved in lime are excellent eating.

The few extracts we have quoted from Mr. Gould's book will give our readers some notion of what they may expect from its perusal; and, beyond this, it would not become us to offer any further recommendation of a work emanating from a naturalist so experienced, so skilful, and so faithful as Mr. Gould.

From the Reader.

ON THE INVISIBLE RAYS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

WE are so accustomed to associate the word *ray* with the idea of light, that the term dark, or invisible, or obscure rays, stimulates the imagination by its strangeness. And such is more particularly the case when we are told that the major portion of the radiation of the sun itself is of this invisible character. This great discovery was announced sixty-five years ago by Sir William Herschel. Permitting a sunbeam to pass through a glass prism, he formed the coloured spectrum of the solar light; and carrying a small thermometer through its various colours, he determined their heating power. He found this power to augment gradually from the violet to the red; but he also found, to his surprise, that the calorific action did not terminate where the visible spectrum ended. Placing his thermometer in the dark space beyond the red, he found the heating power there to be greater than in any part of the visible spectrum.

Sir William Herschel concluded from his experiments that besides those rays which, acting separately upon the retina, produce the sensation of colour, and the sum of which constitutes our ordinary sunshine, a vast outflow of perfectly invisible rays proceeds from the sun; and that, measured by their heating power, the strength or energy of these invisible rays is greater than that of all the visible rays taken together.

This result was questioned by some and confirmed by others; but, like every natural truth that can be brought to the test of experiment, the verity of Sir William Her-

schel's announcement was soon completely established. Forty years after the discovery of those invisible rays by his father, Sir John Herschel made them the subject of experiment. He made an arrangement which enabled him to estimate the heating power of the spectrum by its *drying* power. Wetting by a wash of alcohol, paper blackened on one side, he casts his spectrum on this paper, and observed the chasing away of the moisture by the heat of the rays. His drying paper presented to him a *thermograph* of the spectrum, and showed the heating power to extend far beyond the red.

By the introduction of the thermo-electric pile Melloni created a new epoch in researches on radiant heat. This instrument enables us to examine, with a precision unattainable with ordinary thermometers, the distribution of heat in the solar spectrum. Melloni himself devoted some time to this subject. He had made the discovery that various substances, in the highest degree transparent to light, were eminently opaque to those invisible heat-rays. Pure water, for example, is a body of this kind. Only one substance did Melloni find to be equally pervious to the visible and the invisible rays, namely transparent rock-salt. And though the researches of M. De la Provostaye and Desains, together with some extremely suggestive experiments executed by Mr. Balfour Stewart, show conclusively that Melloni erred in supposing rock-salt to be *perfectly* transparent, it must be admitted that, in this respect, the substance approaches very near perfection.

Abandoning prisms of glass, which had been always employed previously, Melloni made use of a prism of rock-salt in his experiments on the solar spectrum. He was thus enabled to prove that the ultra-red rays discovered by Sir William Herschel formed an invisible spectrum, at least as long as the visible one. He also found the position of maximum radiant power to lie as far on one side the red as the green light of the spectrum on the other.

Dr. Franz of Berlin subsequently examined the distribution of heat in the solar spectrum, employing for this purpose a flint-glass prism. He showed that the inaction of the ultra-red rays upon the retina did not arise from the absorption of those rays in the humours of the eye; at all events he proved that a sensible portion of the invisible rays was transmitted across the eye-ball of an ox, and reached the back of the eye. Professor Müller of Freiburg afterwards examined very fully the heat of

the solar spectrum; and representing, as Sir William Herschel also had approximately done, by lines of various lengths the thermal intensity at various points, he drew a curve which expressed the calorific action of the entire spectrum.

At various intervals during the last ten years Professor Tyndall has occupied himself with the invisible radiation of the electric light; and to the distribution of heat in its spectrum he directed attention in a discourse given on the evening of Friday, the 20th, at the Royal Institution. The instruments made use of were the electric lamp of Duboscq and the linear thermo-electric pile of Melloni. The spectrum was formed by means of lenses and prisms of pure rock-salt. It was equal in width to the length of the row of elements forming the pile, and the latter being caused to pass through its various colours in succession, and also to search the space right and left of the visible spectrum, the heat falling upon it, at every point of its march, was determined by the deflection of an extremely sensitive galvanometer.

As in the case of the solar spectrum, the heat was found to augment from the violet to the red, while in the dark space beyond the red it rose to a maximum. The position of the maximum was about as distant from the extreme red in the one direction, as the green of the spectrum in the opposite one.

The augmentation of temperature beyond the red in the spectrum of the electric light is sudden and enormous. Representing the thermal intensities by lines of proportional lengths, and erecting these lines as perpendiculars at the places to which they correspond, when we pass beyond the red these perpendiculars suddenly and greatly increase in length, reach a maximum, and then fall somewhat more suddenly on the opposite side of the maximum. When the ends of the perpendiculars are united, the curve beyond the red, representing the obscure radiation, rises in a steep and massive peak, which quite dwarfs by its magnitude the radiation of the luminous portion of the spectrum.

Interposing suitable substances in the path of the beam, this peak may be in part cut away. Water, in certain thicknesses, does this very effectually. The vapour of water would do the same, and this fact enables us to account for the difference between the distribution of heat in the solar and in the electric spectrum. The comparative height and steepness of the ultra-red peak, in the case of the electric light, are much greater than in the case of the sun, as shown by the

diagram of Professor Müller. No doubt the reason is, that the eminence corresponding to the position of maximum heat in the solar spectrum has been cut down by the aqueous vapour of our atmosphere. Could a solar spectrum be produced beyond the limits of the atmosphere, it would probably show as steep a mountain of invisible rays as that exhibited by the electric light, which is practically uninfluenced by atmospheric absorption.

Having thus demonstrated that a powerful flux of dark rays accompanies the bright ones of the electric light, the question arises, "Can we separate the one class of rays from the other?"

One way of doing this would be to cut off the luminous portion of the decomposed beam by an opaque screen, allowing the non-luminous portion to pass by its edge. We might then operate at pleasure upon the latter:—reflect it, refract it, concentrate it. This would be a perfectly philosophical way of detaching the light from the heat, but with our present means we could not thus obtain a quantity of heat sufficient to produce the results intended to be exhibited before the conclusion of the discourse. Another plan consists in following up a mode of experiment initiated by Sir William Herschel. He examined the transmission of solar heat through glasses of various colours, through black muslin and other substances, which intercepted a large portion of the solar light. Melloni subsequently discovered that lampblack, and also a kind of black glass, while perfectly opaque to light, transmitted a considerable quantity of radiant heat. In Professor Tyndall's "Lectures on Heat," given at the Royal Institution in 1862, and since made public, experiments with these bodies are described. It was while conversing with his friend Mr. Warren De la Rue, in the autumn of 1861, on the possibility of sifting, by absorbents, the light of a beam from its heat, that Professor Tyndall first learned that carbon was the substance which rendered Melloni's glass opaque. This fact was of peculiar interest to him, for it and others seemed to extend to solid bodies a law which he had detected two years previously in his experiments on gases and vapours, and which showed that elementary gases were highly transparent, while compound gases were all more or less opaque—many of them, indeed, almost perfectly opaque—to invisible radiant heat. The enormous differences existing between elementary and compound gases, as regards their opacity to radiant heat, is illustrated by the following facts:—For every ray in-

tercepted in a tube four feet long, by a certain measure of air, oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen, transparent ammonia strikes down 7,260 rays, olefiant gas 7,950, while transparent sulphurous acid destroys 8,800.

In Professor Tyndall's first experiments on the invisible radiation of the electric light, black glass was the substance made use of. The specimens, however, which he was able to obtain destroyed, along with the visible, a considerable portion of the invisible radiation. But the discovery of the deportment of elementary gases directed his attention to other simple substances. He examined sulphur dissolved in bisulphide of carbon, and found it almost perfectly transparent to the invisible rays. He also examined the element bromine, and found that notwithstanding its dark colour, it was eminently transparent to the ultra-red rays. Layers of this substance, for example, which entirely cut off all the light of a brilliant gas flame, transmitted its invisible radiant heat with freedom. Finally, he tried a solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon, and arrived at the extraordinary result that a quantity of dissolved iodine sufficiently opaque to cut off the light of the mid-day sun was, within the limits of experiment, absolutely transparent to invisible radiant heat.

This then is the substance by which the invisible rays of the electric light may be almost perfectly detached from the visible ones. Concentrating by a small glass mirror, silvered in front, the rays emitted by the carbon points of the electric lamp, we obtain a convergent cone of light. Interposing in the path of this concentrated beam a cell containing the opaque solution of iodine, the light of the cone is utterly destroyed, while its invisible rays are scarcely, if at all, meddled with. These converge to a focus, at which, though nothing can be seen even in the darkest room, the following series of effects may be produced:—

When a piece of black paper is placed in the focus, it is pierced by the invisible rays, as if a white-hot spear had been suddenly driven through it. The paper instantly blazes, without apparent contact with anything hot.

A piece of brown paper placed at the focus soon shows a red-hot, burning surface, extending over a considerable space of the paper, which finally bursts into flame.

The wood of a hat-box similarly placed, is rapidly burnt through. A pile of wood and shavings, on which the focus falls, is quickly ignited, and thus a fire may be set burning by the invisible rays.

A cigar or a pipe is immediately lighted when placed at the focus of invisible rays. His Royal Highness the Comte de Paris performed this experiment at Professor Tyndall's lecture.

Disks of charred paper placed at the focus are raised to brilliant incandescence; charcoal is also ignited there.

A piece of charcoal, suspended in a glass receiver full of oxygen, is set on fire at the focus, burning with the splendour exhibited by this substance in an atmosphere of oxygen. The invisible rays, though they have passed through the receiver, still retain sufficient power to render the charcoal within it red-hot.

A mixture of oxygen and hydrogen is exploded in the dark focus, through the ignition of its envelope.

A strip of blackened zinc-foil placed at the focus is pierced and inflamed by the invisible rays. By gradually drawing the strip through the focus, it may be kept blazing with its characteristic purple light for a considerable time. This experiment is particularly beautiful.

Magnesium wire, presented suitably to the focus, burns with almost intolerable brilliancy.

The effects thus far described are, in part, due to chemical action. The substances placed at the dark focus are oxidizable ones, which, when heated sufficiently, are attacked by the atmospheric oxygen, ordinary combustion being the result. But the experiments may be freed from this impurity. A thin plate of charcoal, placed *in vacuo*, is raised to incandescence at the focus of invisible rays. Chemical action is here entirely excluded. A thin plate of silver or copper, with its surface slightly tarnished by the sulphide of the metal, so as to diminish its reflective power, is raised to incandescence either *in vacuo* or in air. With sufficient battery-power and proper concentration, a plate of platinized platinum is rendered white-hot at the focus of invisible rays; and when the incandescent platinum is looked at through a prism, its light yields a complete and brilliant spectrum. In all these cases we have, in the first place, a perfectly invisible image of the coal points formed by the mirror; and no experiment hitherto made illustrates the identity of light and heat more forcibly than this one. When the plate of metal or of charcoal is placed at the focus, the invisible image raises it to incandescence, and thus prints itself visibly upon the plate. On drawing the coal points apart, or on causing them to approach each other, the thermograph of the points

follows their motion. By cutting the plate of carbon along the boundary of the thermograph, we may obtain a second pair of coal points, of the same shape as the original ones, but turned upside down; and thus by the rays of the one pair of coal points, which are incompetent to excite vision, we may cause a second pair to emit all the rays of the spectrum.

The ultra-red radiation of the electric light is known to consist of ethereal undulations of greater length, and slower periods of recurrence, than those which excite vision. When, therefore, those long waves impinge upon a plate of platinum, and raise it to incandescence, their period of vibration is changed. The waves emitted by the platinum are shorter, and of more rapid recurrence, than those falling upon it, the refrangibility being thereby raised, and the invisible rays rendered visible. Thirteen years ago, Professor Stokes published the noble discovery that by the agency of sulphate of quinine, and various other substances, the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum could be rendered visible. These invisible rays of high refrangibility, impinging upon a proper medium, cause the molecules of that medium to oscillate in slower periods than those of the incident waves. In this case, therefore, the invisible rays are rendered visible by the *lowering* of their refrangibility; while in the experiments of Professor Tyndall, the ultra-red rays are rendered visible by the *raising* of their refrangibility. To the phenomena brought to light by Professor Stokes, the term *fluorescence* has been applied by their discoverer, and to the phenomena brought forward on Thursday week at the Royal Society, and on the evening of the following day at the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall proposes to apply the term *calorescence*.

It was the discovery, more than three years ago, of a substance opaque to light, and almost perfectly transparent to radiant heat—a substance which cut the visible spectrum of the electric light shortly off at the extremity of the red, and left the ultra-red radiation almost untouched, that led Professor Tyndall to the foregoing results. They lay directly in the path of his investigation, and it was only the diversion of his attention to subjects of more immediate interest that prevented him from reaching, much earlier, the point which he has now attained. On this, however, Professor Tyndall can found no claim, and the *idea* of rendering ultra-red rays visible, though arrived at independently, does not by right belong to him. The right to a scientific

idea or discovery is secured by the act of publication, and, in virtue of such an act, priority of the conception as regards the conversion of heat-rays into light-rays, belongs indisputably to Dr. Akin. At the meeting of the British Association, assembled at New Castle in 1863, he proposed three experiments by which he intended to solve this question. He afterwards became associated with an accomplished man of science, Mr. Griffith, of Oxford, and jointly with him pursued the enquiry. Two out of the three experiments proposed at Newcastle by Dr. Akin are quite impracticable. In the third it was proposed to concentrate by a large burning mirror the rays of the sun, to cut off the luminous portion of the radiation by 'proper absorbents,' and then to operate with the obscure rays. Dr. Akin employed in his experiments a mirror thirty-six inches in diameter, but he has hitherto failed to realize his idea. With a mirror four inches in diameter, the radiant source with which his researches had rendered him familiar, and a substance which he had himself discovered to filter the beam of the electric lamp, Professor Tyndall obtained all the results above described.

From The Spectator, 21st April.

THE JESUITS IN ROME.

AN event of great importance has just occurred in Rome, which, like most Roman events, has escaped attention in Great Britain. The *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Jesuit newspaper, has been suddenly raised by an exercise of the Pope's plenary authority to the position of an integral part in the organization of the Catholic Church. This journal was founded by the Society of Jesus in 1850, and was originally published in Naples, but its editors could not entirely conceal their belief in the great dogma of the "Company," the supremacy of the Papacy over all temporal authority; and Ferdinand, though a bigot by nature and an Ultramontane by policy, was still a Bourbon, prepared to worship the Pope as long as the Pope supported the secular authority, and to resist him if he interfered with any royal prerogative. He ordered the Society and their paper alike to quit Naples. The *Civiltà Cattolica* was consequently removed to Rome, and the whole influence of the Society exerted to extend its circulation, which speedily became unrivalled in the

Catholic world. Twelve thousand copies are sold in Italy alone, though the paper is as remarkable for the bitterness of its hostility to Italian freedom as for the fanatic Ultramontanism of its doctrine, and the virulence, not to say the ruffianism, of its style. It is of course the organ of the special theology, philosophy, and ecclesiastical system upheld by the Society, as distinguished not only from the liberal school of Dollinger, but also from the Orthodox Catholic system taught in Louvain. This production, which is to strong Catholics what the *Record* is to educated Calvinists, a paper read but loathed, has just been raised by Pius IX. in a solemn Brief addressed to the world to the position of authorized defender and exponent of the Catholic faith. Its writers are formed into a College in perpetuity, absolutely dependent on the General of the Society of Jesus, and formally authorized to compose and publish writings on behalf of the Holy Faith and the Holy See. The paper in fact is to be the Catholic *Moniteur*. The College is to possess presses and a library of its own, and to remain for the time in its present house, but should events compel the College to quit Rome, the Jesuit General has absolute authority to select its head-quarters—a singular provision, as he may not choose to select the same place as the Pope, and the Journal therefore, though so nearly made infallible, may be beyond Papal reach. Should it, however, happen that no suitable retreat can be found, then the property and revenue of the institution are to be left untouched until Providence once more does its duty by restoring the Jesuits to Rome. The effect produced by this astounding decree, which really makes articles in the *Civiltà* as binding upon Catholics as Acts in the *Gazette* are upon Courts of Justice, has been, as was to be expected, very great. The liberal Catholics are thunder-struck, for they see in the Brief the intellectual death-warrant of men like Dollinger and Newman, while the old orthodox party are disgusted at this new proof of the ascendancy of the Jesuits, always detested by the other Orders and the secular clergy, both for their oppressiveness and their pretension to be the only power capable of subduing the modern spirit.

The Society in fact is at the zenith of its influence over the Catholic organization, and is becoming imprudent in the plenitude of its security. Its rulers have just struck another blow which has profoundly irritated even the interior hierarchy of Rome. For fifteen years past the Society has been try-

ing to procure the condemnation of the Professors of Divinity and Philosophy in the University of Louvain. The Congregation of the Index, however, to which such matters belong by prescriptive right, aware that the desire arose not from any wish to suppress heresy, but to obtain the control of one of the very few free Catholic Universities, and seeing nothing unorthodox in the teaching of Louvain, have steadily resisted the demand. A few weeks ago therefore the Pope was induced to strike a *coup d'état* against his own instruments, and issue a decree, entirely without precedent, withdrawing the Louvain question from the control of the Congregation as a body, and referring it to a special tribunal, composed for the occasion of the Cardinals of the Index and the Cardinals of the Holy Office, the latter of whom are all under Jesuit influence. These trusted agents met in secret, but even in such a packed tribunal it was difficult to obtain a verdict, and the condemnation at last pronounced was so mild in tone as greatly to irritate the Society. It was, however, obtained, and though it is not yet published, a letter has been despatched to the Belgian Episcopate so unfavorable to the Louvain Professors that the chief among them, M. Houbacx, has already resigned his chair. The Jesuits therefore have gained their point, a fact the more remarkable because to gain it they had to break through the immovable system of the Ecclesiastical Court. Englishmen are apt to imagine that the Pope is absolute in the way Napoleon is absolute, but though this is no doubt true in a sense, the Papacy is very strictly bound by its own rules, and the act of Pius in withdrawing the Louvain teaching from the control of the Congregation created as much surprise as the Queen's exercise of her legal veto would. It is quoted as proof positive that the Pope, who once prompted a book in defence of Clement XIV.'s order dissolving the Jesuits, and furnished materials for it from the secret archives, has now surrendered himself absolutely into their hands. They direct the schools of the University, they weigh upon the Secretary of State, they direct the consciences of the College, they provide the whole intellectual food—thin pap it is—allowed to Rome, and they can affect the very Bank. They are in fact in the position which, if history teaches anything, precedes a priesthood's fall.

They are even descending into the streets. In the last half of the Lent season the Pope was induced to order missions to preach in the open streets, on the ground that the

evil infection of the times made it incumbent to stir the people to implore that the intervention of Heaven might avert the scourge impending. The sight to be beheld day after day, as the shades of night began to fall on public localities, was truly painful, from its grotesque caricature. Long files of cowed and fantastically dressed devotees, in gloomy robes, their heads and faces covered with sacks, slits in which let the gleam of two eyes flash through, preceded by monster crucifixes borne aloft, and chanting at tip-top voices lugubrious hymns, were to be seen marching along the streets in every direction, escorting preachers to the temporary stages, from which they delivered frantic harangues to the mob by the light of torches flickering upon the convulsive gesticulations of the ranting friars, who were flanked by a spectral array of mutes, glaring without motion, like spell-bound figures, through the holes in their horribly shapeless masks. Of the preachers who thus performed in the streets and squares religious burlesques of the most spasmodic convulsiveness, all, with hardly an exception, were members of the Society of Jesus, or of some body directly affiliated, such as the Passionists and Lazarists. But the crowning spectacle of the last night of these missions threw all the former exhibitions into the shade. Then the flames of twelve burning heaps cast their lurid light over Rome at dusk on the twelve different sites of missionary preaching, and to the amazement of the bystanders the preachers, with the wild action of men possessed by raving spirits, pitched vehemently on these heaps the incarnations of wickedness, the books condemned by the Index. On the steps of San Carlo in the Corso, the fashionable Church of Rome, the Bishop of Aquile, in the spasmodic attitude of a frantic St. Michael combating the Devil, before the eyes of the astounded *élite*, thronging home at twilight on that spring Sunday afternoon from the Pincian, flung into the fire the literary productions of impiety, to the grotesque accompaniment of furiously gesticulated anathemas. But even this strange scene was outdone by the performance got up at two of the preaching sites, at St. Maria Maggiore and at the Church of the Consolazione on the Forum. Here, as a Passionist—one of those weird-like figures, clothed in black, with a wounded heart in glaring white worked on the breast—after working himself into a semblance of delirious paroxysm, was devoting the Scriptures of wickedness to destruction by fire, there appeared of a sudden persons who professed

to have been moved to remorse by his appeals, and who bore aloft daggers and other weapons, which they declared to have been given them by Freemasons and other secret sectarians, wherewith to work out their impious ends. And then the Passionist man of God felt transported with heavenly joy at the blessing so visibly attending his spasmodic eloquence, and calling upon a smith who happily found himself amongst the loiterers and was at once recognized as such, and who as happily had both hammers and anvil ready with him, caused at once these weapons of the Devil to be broken to pieces, to the edification of the staring mob. One may have nothing but a shrug of disgust for such a coarse pantomime in Rome, but the thing acquires a lurid aspect when taken in connection with the scenes to which these stimulants to fanatical passion have led at Barletta.

The entire scene now transacting at Rome, the strain put upon all powers, the wild appeals to all passions, the Pope's decrees and the Pope's admissions, the Brief which almost declares a newspaper inspired, and the speech which told M. de Rohan and the 300 French Legitimists that the spiritual power could not perish, wears to observant eyes the appearance that precedes revolution. Swaying between France and the Jesuits, Voltaire and Loyola, with a weak old man on the throne, a foreign legion in the barracks, mad priests playing Savonarola in the streets, Russia defiant, Prussia peremptory, Austria powerless, and raging Italy surging all round up to the very gates, the Holy Chair is rocking ominously. If it falls, the destruction will be due mainly to the tremendous strain the Society of Jesus has placed upon its decaying strength. It might, as Catholics affirm, bear Peter safely, but nothing framed by mortal hands could long carry Ignatius. Even in Paraguay the leaden rule of the men who think that they alone can arrest the progress of mankind broke helplessly down. Even a Neapolitan Bourbon was compelled to expel them from among the people they had helped him to enslave.

From The Spectator, April 21.

TWO NATIONAL DREAMS.

THE abiding jealousy felt in England towards the United States has many causes, some of them just, more perhaps unjust, but one of them very strong and very little no-

ticed. This is the difference in the forecast which Englishmen and Americans make as to their own destiny. Some cause, which is very difficult to trace, but which is possibly the absence of hereditary anxiety in America, has upon this point absolutely separated two people of the same blood and in most aspects strangely similar. The Englishman, when he thinks at all upon the subject, is very apt to forecast an unpleasant future for his country, to believe the day will come when it will be shut up in the ocean, or starved for want of corn, or ruined by the exhaustion of its coal, or deprived of its preëminence in manufactures, or in some way or other thrown back to a secondary rank. The notion that his country has reached its zenith, and must from some cause unknown recede, has for a century been constantly present to the Englishman's mind. The American, on the contrary, believes in a boundless future almost visibly before him, is the happier for it and the stronger, accepts children with greater readiness, meets the troubles, and especially the pecuniary troubles, of life with greater ease and more perfect sang-froid. Somebody, he thinks, will always be wanting something; if he cannot grow corn he can make Lucifer matches, and in a short time "we shall be two hundred millions, Sir, and the scream of the American eagle will drown all the *Te Deums* of the Old World; and two hundred millions, Sir, will offer a market for lucifer matches wide as the universe, profitable as dealings in petroleum oil." It is all so amazingly true, too. There is no vaster dream dreamed on earth than that of these Americans, and yet it is all within the limits of the possible, so far within them that its realization is more probable than its failure. Judging, as human beings are alone entitled to judge, on the evidence, it is much more likely than not that in 1966 the American people will be one hundred and fifty millions, speaking one language, and that English, and possessed of all the knowledge that language contains, with a country of all climates and all scenes, resources scarcely explored, and an almost total freedom from physical distress. Every race, cultivation, and capacity will be represented in its borders, and nearly every civilization compatible with Republicanism and a very elastic Christianity. The number of the States will be at least fifty, and in each a marked and peculiar society will have been formed under the gradual operation of laws as different as the marriage laws of Wisconsin and Vermont now are, and of social systems as separate

as those of Maryland and Massachusetts. Experiments of the most gigantic character will have been tried to the full, experiments as wild as the Western one of a nearly unlimited right of divorce, or as those social schemes tried so often in Western New York, or as one idea, so precious to every Democratic mind, of dispensing with every control save that of the parish constable. A hundred and fifty millions of men of all races and all instincts will be living together on one soil under all climates and possessed of every resource, coal, and iron, and corn, and wine, coal-fields so endless that even American lavishment cannot waste them, iron-fields so vast that they will consume forests covering a continent, corn-fields which will feed the world, and vineyards which even now send their produce to the owners of Hermitage and Johannesburg. There is no science such a race may not prosecute in peace for ages, no form of literature it may not develop, no discovery possible to man it may not hope to make. It will, without an effort, raise 300,000,000. of revenue by a taxation lower than that of England now is, and employ the whole, or nearly the whole of it, in works of peace. Distress, or tumult, or resistance to authority, or dread of freedom in its most unrestrained forms, will, says the American, be as unknown in that land as ignorance or violent crime. Every man will be secure in his home, every man equal, every man free to do whatsoever of good his hand can find, or his brain invent, or his heart conceive. So great will be the love of the people for these institutions, that the idea of attack will fade away, for what nation could dream of attacking a country in which thirty millions of armed males, capable of becoming soldiers in six weeks, will perish rather than suffer menace, and will own ships greater in number than those of the rest of the earth? Yet so great will be the content of this people that Europe will pass on its way unharmed, unimpeded, and uncontrolled, save indeed, it may be, by an extorted agreement that America shall always be left open, a secure harbour of refuge, the "shadow of a great rock" to the poor, and the miserable, and the oppressed. To South and North alike the land will be open, and while the Dane eaten out of his home may find in Maine a climate as rough and manners as kindly as his own, the Italian unable to prosper may grow *Laerima Christi* on the slopes of Virginia, or renew the myrtles of Sicily by the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. There is room for all and to spare, and when the tale is complete, and Americans outnumber every white race,

there will stretch before them other territories to possess, lands more vast, mountains more various, plains more rich, rivers still broader, cultivations and possibilities of social life yet more multiform and great, for they may cross the Isthmus, fix a capital greater than Rome, at a spot where the President can look from the White House upon two oceans, and stretch away, pressing on in innumerable hordes, over the glorious wildernesses of Brazil and the rich alluvium of the Amazon, mine the Andes, and fill those wonderful plateaus where, as in Bogota, the apple and the pine-apple grow side by side, and so spread slowly down away to the Antarctic zone. The half of earth will then be American, and the curse of divided language done away; and the human race, rid at last of physical misery, of war, of inequality, and of the paralysis of powers produced by fears of each other, may commence a career as new as that which began when man first instituted marriage and discovered fire. It is a pleasant dream, one which makes New England farmers better, and softer, and nobler amidst their sordid cares; and it is all possible, or at least conceivable. No Englishman with an imagination denies that in his heart, or even doubts it, and it raises in him, among other things, that fierce jealousy which broke out so strangely during the recent civil war. He feels as if this structure thus visibly rising to the stars casts a shadow over England, as if his own land were lost in the haze around that coming Empire, as if he were dwarfed by the presence of his mightier descendant. He feels as a Jew might in the year 30, when, conscious that he alone of mankind recognized the grand intellectual and moral truths, he yet saw his country nominally independent, really but a province of all-absorbing and luxurious Rome.

The bitterness is the greater because the Englishman, almost alone among mankind, has neither past nor future, neither dwells on the glory of his forefathers nor looks forward with hope to his descendants. The Scotch peasant remembers Bannockburn as if it were yesterday, the Russian moujik believes in the day when Holy Russia, mistress of Constantinople, shall give the law to mankind. The average Englishman knows nothing which happened before his father, looks forward to nothing in which his country will play a conspicuous part. He has few national traditions and no national hopes. The educated German believes always in some coming Utopia, when all men shall have leisure to enjoy, and Germany, safe in her unity, shall

plunge fearlessly into thought; and the educated Frenchman never wearies of the past of France; but the educated Englishman only wonders how men endured lives so bad as those of his forefathers, looks forward only to the time when the greatness of England shall have passed away. Yet if he dreamed, as Americans dream, pleasant things, and yet possible, the dream would not be an ignoble one. He might dream of a little kingdom in a rough but healthy climate, cultivated like a garden, in which a society of forty millions had been organized till it was as completely an entity as a human being, in which the slightest injury to the meanest was felt as the plucking of a hair in a strong man's beard. In that land, so small and so cold, might exist a society coherent as the diamond, but with colours as infinitely varied, a table as bright, facets as definite and as dissimilar — a society in which men rich as the old kings of the East realized a luxury more than Assyrian by the aid of arts more subtle than those of Greece, yet shared every luxury and every art with the meanest of those around them; and in which workers, never poor to pinching, cordially aided in producing the magnificence they freely enjoyed; in which thought, for the first time really free, for the first time spread among millions, would strike out new literatures and novel sciences, and add every day not only to man's dominion over nature — it was a savage who first tortured earth into multiplying seed corn — but to man's capacity for living noble lives; in which so infinite would be the variety of position, and circumstance, and work, that every capacity and every disposition should be able to put out and profit by the full measure of its powers; in which the latent use of all forms of weakness should become visible, in which the virtues should be able to act as motors, the passions be pruned down into energies. He might dream of an England in which every man was educated and could form an opinion for himself, every man provided with means sufficient to give his faculties scope, and every man able to rely on the aggregate force of all for aid against nature, or time, or circumstance, as he now relies on it against violent evil-doers; an England in which Parliament should be the brain of a vast being, of a municipality with a conscious life, guiding all men, facilitating all measures, making enterprises easy which now seem impossible or absurd. He might imagine England thus organized, thus throbbing with many-coloured life, ruling quietly over Southern Asia, breaking up

sun-baked civilizations, sowing the seeds of new life over half mankind, watering every germ as it grew to maturity, and learning, as all great gardeners learn, to recognize the beauty, and the meaning, and the use of things which seem to the ignorant poisonous weeds. He might dream of an England which had reconciled the great difficulties of mankind, absolute freedom with perfect organization, liberty with union, self-will with self-sacrifice, a State which could act like a man, yet of which every citizen felt himself a free and component part. He might finally imagine an England not indeed as powerful as the Union, but so devoted to independence, so scientifically organized, so finely and strongly welded into a weapon, with Anglo-Saxon for weight, Celt for edge, and Scotch for temper, that to attack it would be simply to strike at a rapier with a crowbar, which might destroy, but not in time to prevent a mortal wound. Nothing in all that is impossible, once a generation is fully educated, and we shall educate the next. Rapid intercommunication is already binding the nation into one great family, till a hind cannot be horsewhipped on a remote moorland without a national roar of anger, and the House of Commons becomes for all purposes the *conseil de famille*. Let but the spirit of localism, or, as we call it, self-government, decay a little more, as it always does under education, and England will be welded as we have described, will present such an aspect of variegated, but not unhappy life. This dream seems to us as bright as the other, though not as vast, as the lawn may be as beautiful as a prairie, Windermere as Erie, a garden as a wilderness of wild flowers. The element of vastness is alone wanting, and we can find that in our purposes and our tropical possessions. Palissy's life was noble, though the end of that toil and endeavour was only a pretty enamel; and the work of Athens was vast, though she never covered the space of the Duke of Sutherland's estate. All that man knows of the ideas which should regulate human organization was worked out by a nation of less than 30,000 freemen, so worked out that Europe has no words for policy save those the Athenians used, and in eighteen hundred years has invented but one new political idea, the possibility of rule by representation. Vastness is nothing, organization everything, the smallest entity with life and potentialities greater and more than the biggest, if it possesses neither. Grand as the mountain is, as Kingsley puts it, and oppressive to the spirit, men who

could scarcely be seen on its sides tunnel through it at their leisure. But then we want the fixed idea that England, which cannot be the mountain, is to be the man.

From The Spectator.

EGG.

LADY GLENCORA PALLISER is said by Mr. Trollope to have displayed a profound unconcern as to the number of eggs consumed in Paris every morning, irreverently declaring to her husband, Mr. Palliser, the Duke of St. Bungay's Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the information was worth nothing unless he could tell her how many of them were good and how many bad. Perhaps, however, the special proclivity of Paris to the consumption of eggs, the modes of dressing which in that brilliant capital are said by a recent writer* on the subject of eggs to be no less than 685 in number, is a fact not altogether without interest apart from the inquiry as to the number of successful and unsuccessful eggs which are daily made proof of. To an enlarged mind it is rather the numberless capabilities which the swift Parisian intellect detects in egg, than the mere incident of gratification or disappointment, that furnishes the subject of interest. Nay, the very fact that there is, as it were, a suspense and a development as to the interior of the casket, a possible tragedy in the *dénouement*, gives a fresh human interest to eggs as an article of consumption which does not hang round fully manifested food. But what causes the Parisian reputation of egg is no doubt its immense adaptability to different circumstances of the culinary art. Easily manageable either in the liquid or the solid form, it serves alike for secondary and for primary purposes. You may recognize its substantial and independent existence as an individual article of food, in which form it is indeed a more complete and graceful whole than any other object consumed by man; or secondly, you may make many eggs contribute and blend their substance into a homogeneous whole, that loses none of the properties of the individual, any more than the lakes lose the properties of the rivers which supply it; or finally, you may use it for merely secondary and subsidiary ends, to penetrate and enrich and flavour neutral solids, serving for

puddings and confectionery the same, and more than the same, purpose which common yeast serves for bread. The artistic Parisian eye catches rapidly these advantages, and hence the devotion of Paris to the culinary treatment of egg.

In the first place, what object so elegant, so natural a *unit of appetite*, if the expression may be allowed, and yet so capable of artificial enhancement, as an egg still in its shell—a pure white ellipsoid—which in a shining silver or china cup reminds the eye of the natural beauty of the acorn snugly lying in its own cup, though suggesting at the same moment the great advantages both in kind and quality which the consumer of the one has over the prodigal who was reduced to attempt the assimilation of the other. The mere symmetry of the egg (to any one, that is, who adopts the obviously natural principle of the Narrow-endians, and puts the acute end of the ellipsoid upwards, allowing it to rest upon the Big-end) is in itself a fascination to the mind of a true artist. It is the only article of real nutrition which resembles fruit in being appropriated naturally and without division to a single consumer. Meat must be carved, the limbs of fowls must be dislocated, bread broken or cut, and cheese scooped or quarried out; only in the egg, amongst things that will support life and health, do we obtain a fair natural whole the symmetry of which need not be broken by division. No doubt it requires art both to furnish and eat an egg so as not to jar upon this sense of natural harmony. There should be no painful suspense in the last stage of preparation for eating, no danger of any painful *éclaircissement* on the breaking of the egg, no risk even of discovering the “notes” of a “pudding” or “shop” egg of that half doubtful sort which recalls the antiquarian scent of a dusty library, and suggests, very erroneously,—indeed in direct opposition to the truth,—that the egg would have been better for a more thorough ventilation. On the contrary, the egg should display first a layer of white resembling rather the solid froth of Devonshire cream than the smooth, semi-translucent white of ordinary albumen, and next a cocoon of yolk properly ‘set’ at the circumference and becoming fluid only towards the centre. This is not only nicer, but much easier to eat, without those indecorous overflows of yolk on to the plate, that suggest to a spectator of the ruins of a breakfast that a number of artists have been making a prodigal use of “King’s yellow,” and left their pallettes littering the table. The beauty of an egg cooked in its

* *How to Cook and Serve Eggs.* By Georgiana Hill. Routledge and Sons.

shell consists in its individual unity; and even in the process of consumption every care should be taken not to let it sprawl and overflow like sauce or gravy. All the sand-egg glasses give at least a minute too little for proper boiling, and it is the use of these delusive instruments, or the fatal impression which they tend to spread that three minutes is full time for the boiling of a new laid egg, (possibly it may for a shop egg of ambiguous character, if such a thing is to be boiled at all), which so often implants a kind of despair in the minds of very respectable cooks as to the art of boiling eggs. We have known an otherwise very estimable cook maintain that nature and education had conspired to render her incompetent to the task of boiling eggs, and this with an abject fatalism more suitable to a Mahometan than a Christian. The simple truth is, that she had never learned that the time requisite for boiling an egg varies inversely as its own age and directly as its size, — a really new-laid hen's egg of average size requiring at least four minutes in boiling water, more if it be very big, and less if it be very small. We doubt, too, whether the English cooks are aware of, what is well known, we believe, to Parisian cooks, that a fresh egg well roasted is a far richer thing than the same egg well boiled. An egg turned round on the hearth till it is thoroughly done is perhaps, served in the best form of which it is susceptible, to those at least who like rich food. Of the other solid forms of eggs, perhaps the best is the hard-boiled that is eaten with salad. There is a peculiarly happy contrast between salad and egg, both in colour and edible qualities, which recommends this combination to the true artist. Salad is refreshing exactly because it is so innutritious, but then for that reason it suggests browsing and purely pastoral ideas without the balance of the most nutritious of all substances that are not positively meat. Egg mediates between the salad and the cold meat with which it is eaten, breaks the abruptness of the change to the luncheon's imagination, and pleasantly stars the table with a contrast of colours which otherwise is never obtained except from fruit. As for the artificial modes of treating solid eggs, — those, we mean, which substitute some artificial compound for the yolk, leaving the white envelope in its natural form, — they appeal only to the morbid desire for surprises which marks the decadence of true art. Take this, for instance, called, we suppose from the Morning, because the jaded appetite of an epicure is

least active in the morning, and needs the most stimulus at that time: —

"ŒUFS A L'AUBORE.

"Boil some eggs until they are hard. Remove the shell; cut each egg into half, and scoop out the yolks; put these into a mortar, with some pepper, salt, savoury herbs, and cream. Beat all to a paste; place some of it in each halved white of egg, and lay the remainder in a buttered dish; arrange the stuffed eggs on the top with the force meat uppermost. Place the dish in a moderately heated oven, and serve when the eggs are nicely browned."

What would an intelligent hen say to that? You might just as well put strawberry ice in the interior of a penny roll, or fill a cup with gold pieces, or excavate a history and stuff its framework with sensation novel.

In dealing with the secondary form of egg, in which many individual eggs are made tributary to abstract egg, — the omelette form, — there is more to be said for artificial treatment. The individuality of the thing has already escaped, and the mixture with other alien substances is at this stage only a question of more or less. The danger of omelette is richness, and the tendency to mix freely with butter is excessive in omelette makers, and as objectionable as excessive. Egg is too nutritious to be greased. You might just as well butter your meat. The most that is permissible in this way is the very slight use of butter which is made in those little toasted "dice" used for soup. There the butter is not apparent, — it has imparted a flavour, but left no physical trail. And the following receipt for omelette will be found at once one of the simplest and best in the little book before us: —

"OMELETTE AUX CROUTONS.

"Beat the yolks of six and the whites of four eggs; season with salt and spice according to taste. Cut some nice little pieces of bread no larger than dice; fry them in butter till they are well browned, then throw them quickly into boiling gravy or milk, or sauce of any particular flavour; mix them with the beaten egg, and fry as an ordinary omelette."

The vast use of egg in merely enriching other substances, in cakes, puddings, soups, &c., is, we think, overdone, both in this country and abroad. There is not a viler decoction known to human art than that which is called egg-soup in Germany, where masses of greasy yellow substance, floating like very putrid duckweed in a watery fluid, are offered

to you at the beginning of dinner to destroy your chance of eating anything afterwards. If yolk of egg is used separately from the egg at all, it should be diffused and made a sort of yeast, as it is in cakes and puddings. Crumbs of yolk are chaotic and rather revolting spectacles. But we doubt whether its secondary enriching use is not greatly overdone in modern cookery. Custard is by far its best form, because it is its most honest form. Very eggy puddings, and very eggy cakes, are overpowering; like drawing-rooms with too heavy a scent in them, they call the attention too much to a secondary influence which is properly meant to blend absolutely with the primary. Eggs used freely as yeast is used in other food remind one of a very picturesque style used not in describing facts, but in illustrating opinions. The style overpowers the substance as the egg so often overpowers the pudding. Thus Macaulay wrote what we may call a very eggy style when he illustrated political principles. His style was made for description, and when he applied it to discuss abstract politics his discussions tasted like a pudding too rich with egg.

On the whole we regard eggs as best in the beautiful individuality of the egg-shell, and degenerating in proportion as they are made subservient to other food. They have too much individuality for the work of yeast. The egg is the only unit of animal food, and has a pronounced taste in proportion to its unique character and shape. Like meat, it is scarcely well adapted for flavouring other things than itself. It has too dominating a nature of its own. Egg in the abstract should be very sparingly used in cookery, or it will suggest itself obtrusively. Egg is admirable in a substantive form, but in an adjective form not so. Eggy compounds soon revolt.

From The Saturday Review.

THE JOURNAL DES SAVANTS AND THE JOURNAL DE TREVOUX.*

FOR a hundred persons who, in this country, read the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, how many are there who read the *Journal des Savants*? In France the authority of that journal is indeed supreme; but yet its very

title frightens the general public, and its blue cover is but seldom seen on the tables of the *salles de lecture*. Yet there is no French periodical so well suited to the tastes of the better class of readers in England. Its contributors are all members of the *Institut de France*, and, if we may measure the value of a periodical by the honour which it reflects on those who form its staff, no journal in France can vie with the *Journal des Savants*. At the present moment we find on its roll such names as Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Mignet, Barthélemy, Saint-Hilaire, Naudet, Prosper Mérimé, Littré, Vitet — names which, if now and then seen on the covers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Contemporaine*, or the *Revue Moderne*, confer an exceptional lustre on these fortnightly or monthly issues. The articles which are admitted into this select periodical may be deficient now and then in those outward charms of diction by which French readers like to be dazzled; but what in France is called *trop savant*, *trop lourd*, is frequently far more palatable than the highly-spiced articles which are no doubt delightful to read, but which, like an excellent French dinner, make you forget whether you have dined or not. If English journalists are bent on taking for their models the fortnightly or monthly contemporaries of France, the *Journal des Savants* might offer a much better chance of success than the more popular *revues*. We should be sorry indeed to see any periodical published under the superintendence of *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, or of any other member of the Cabinet; but, apart from that, a literary tribunal like that formed by the members of the *Bureau du Journal des Savants* would be a great benefit to literary criticism. The general tone that runs through their articles is impartial and dignified. Each writer seems to feel the responsibility which attaches to the bench from which he addresses the public, and we can of late years recall hardly any case where the dictum of "noblesse oblige" has been disregarded in this the most ancient among the purely literary Journals of Europe.

The first number of the *Journal des Savants* was published more than two hundred years ago, on the 5th of January, 1655. It was the first small beginning in a branch of literature which has since assumed such immense proportions. Voltaire speaks of it as "le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre, dont l'Europe est aujourd'hui remplie." It was published at first once a week, every Monday; and the responsible editor was M. de Sallo, who, in order to avoid the retaliations of sensitive authors, adopted the name

* *Table Methodique des Mémoires de Trévoux* (1701-1775), précédé d'une Notice Historique. Par le Père P. C. Sommervogel de la Compagnie de Jesus. 3 vols. Paris: 1864-3.

of Le Sieur de Hedouville, the name, it is said, of his *valet de chambre*. The articles were short, and in many cases they only gave a description of the books, without any critical remarks. The journal likewise gave an account of important discoveries in science and art, and of other events that might seem of interest to men of letters. Its success was considerable, if we may judge by the number of rival publications which soon sprang up in France and in other countries of Europe. In England, a philosophical journal on the same plan was started before the year was over. In Germany, the *Journal des Savants* was translated into Latin by F. Nitzschius in 1668, and before the end of the seventeenth century the *Giornale de Letterati* (1668), the *Bibliotheca Volante* (1677), the *Acta Eruditorum* (1682), the *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres* (1684), the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique* (1686), the *Histoire des Ouvrages des Savants* (1687), and the *Monatliche Unterredungen* (1689), had been launched in the principal countries of Europe. In the next century it was remarked of the journals published in Germany "plura dixeris pullulasse brevi tempore quam fungi nascuntur unâ nocte." Most of these journals were published by laymen, and represented the pure interests of society. It was but natural, therefore, that the clergy also should soon have endeavoured to possess a journal of their own. The Jesuits, who at that time were the most active and influential order, were not slow to appreciate this new opportunity for directing public opinion, and they founded in 1701 their famous Journal, the *Mémoires de Trévoux*. Famous, indeed, it might once be called, and yet at present how little is known of that collection, how seldom are its volumes called for in our public libraries! It was for a long time the rival of the *Journal des Savants*. Under the editorship of Le Père Berthier it fought bravely against Diderot, Voltaire, and other heralds of the French revolution. It weathered even the fatal year of 1762, but, after changing its name and moderating its pretensions, it at last ceased to appear in 1782. The long rows of its volumes are now piled up in our libraries like rows of tombstones, which we pass by without even stopping to examine the names and titles of those who are buried in these vast catacombs of thought.

It was a happy thought that led the Père P. C. Sommervogel, himself a member of the order of Jesuits, to examine the dusty volumes of the *Journal de Trévoux*, and to do for it the only thing that could be done to

make it useful once more, at least to a certain degree — namely, to prepare a general index of the numerous subjects treated in its volumes, on the model of the great index, published in 1753, of the *Journal des Savants*. His work, published at Paris in 1865 consists of three volumes. The first gives an index of the original dissertations; the second and third of the works criticized in the *Journal de Trévoux*. It is a work of much smaller pretensions than the index to the *Journal des Savants*; yet, such as it is, it is useful, and will amply suffice for the purposes of those few readers who have from time to time to consult the literary annals of the Jesuits in France.

The title of the *Mémoires de Trévoux* was taken from the town of Trévoux, the capital of the principality of Dombes, which Louis XVI. had conferred on the Duc de Maine, with all the privileges of a sovereign. Like Louis XVI., the young prince gloried in the title of a patron of art and science, but, as the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, he devoted himself even more zealously to the defence of religion. A printing-office was founded at Trévoux, and the Jesuits were invited to publish a new journal "où l'on eût principalement en vue la défense de la religion." This was the *Journal de Trévoux* published for the first time in February, 1701, under the title of "Mémoires pour l'Histoire des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, recueillis par l'ordre de Son Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur Prince Souverain de Dombes." It was entirely and professedly in the hands of the Jesuits, and we find among its earliest contributors such names as Catrou, Tournemine, and Hardouin. The opportunities for collecting literary and other intelligence enjoyed by the members of that order were extraordinary. We doubt whether any paper, even in our days, has so many intelligent correspondents in every part of the world. If any astronomical observation was to be made in China or America, a Jesuit missionary was generally on the spot to make it. If geographical information was wanted, eyewitnesses could write from India or Africa to state what was the exact height of mountains or the direction of rivers. The architectural monuments of the great nations of antiquity could easily be explored and described, and the literary treasures of India or China or Persia could be ransacked by men ready for any work that required devotion and perseverance, and promised to throw additional splendour on the order of Loyola. No missionary society has ever understood how to utilize its resources in the

interests of science, like the Jesuits, and if our own missionaries may on many points take warning from the history of the Jesuits, on that one point at least they might do well to imitate their example. Scientific interests, however, were by no means the chief motive of the Jesuits in founding their journal, and the controversial character began soon to preponderate in their articles. Protestant writers received but little mercy in the pages of the *Journal de Trévoux*, and the battle was soon raging in every country of Europe between the flying batteries of the Jesuits and the strongholds of Jansenism, of Protestantism, or at least of liberal thought. Le Clerc was attacked for his *Harmonia Evangelica*, Boileau even was censured for his *Épître sur l'Amour de Dieu*. But the old lion was too much for the reverend satirists. The following is a specimen of his reply:—

Mes Révérends Pères en Dieu,
Et mes Confrères en Satire,
Dans vos Ecrits dans plus d'un lien
Je voy qu'à mes dépens vous affectés de rire ;
Mais ne craignés-vous point, que pour rire de
Vous,
Relisant Juvénal, refeuilletant Horace,
Je ne ranime encor ma satirique audace ?
Grands Aristarques de Trévoux,
N'allez point de nouveau faire courir aux
armes,
Un athlète tout prest à prendre son congé,
Qui par vos traits malins au combat rengagé
Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des larmes.
Apprenés un mot de Régnier,
Notre célèbre Devancier,
Corsaires attaquant Corsaires
Ne font pas, dit-il, leurs affaires.

Even stronger language than this became soon the fashion in journalistic warfare. In reply to an attack on the Marquis Orsi, the *Giornale de' Letterati d'Italia* accused the *Journal de Trévoux* of *menzogna and impostura*, and in Germany the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensium* poured out still more violent invectives against the Jesuitical critics. It is wonderful how well Latin seems to lend itself to the expression of angry abuse. Few modern writers have excelled the following tirade, either in Latin or in German:—

Que mentis stupiditas ! At si qua est, Jesuitarum est. . . . Res est intoleranda, Trevoltianos Jesuitas, toties contusos, iniquissimum in suis diariis tribunal exersisse, in eoque non ratione duce, sed animi impotentia, non æquitatis legibus, sed præjudiciis, non veritatis lance, sed affectus aut odii pondere, optimis exquisitissimisque operibus detrahere, pessima ad cælum usque laudibus efferre : ignavis auctori-

bus, modo secum sentiant, aut sibi faveant, ubique blandiri, doctissimos sibi non plane pleneque deditos plus quam canino dente mordere.

What has been said of other journals was said of the *Journal de Trévoux*:—

Les auteurs de ce journal, qui a son mérite, sont constants à louer tous les ouvrages de ceux qu'ils affectionnent, et pour éviter une froide monotonie, ils, exercent quelquefois la critique sur les écrivains à qui rien ne les oblige de faire grâce.

It took some time before authors became at all reconciled to these new tribunals of literary justice. Even a writer like Voltaire, who braved public opinion more than anybody, looked upon journals, and the influence which they soon gained in France and abroad, as a great evil. "Rien n'a plus nui à la littérature," he writes, "plus répandu le mauvais goût, et plus confondu le vrai avec le faux." Before the establishment of literary journals, a learned writer had indeed little to fear. For a few years, at all events, he was allowed to enjoy the reputation of having published a book, and this by itself was considered a great distinction by the world at large. Perhaps his book was never noticed at all, or, if it was, it was only criticized in one of those elaborate letters which the learned men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to write to each other, which might be forwarded indeed to one or two other professors, but which never influenced public opinion. Only in extreme cases a book would be answered by another book, but this would necessarily require a long time; nor would it at all follow that those who had read and admired the original work would have an opportunity of consulting the volume that contained its refutation. This happy state of things came to an end after the year 1655. Since the invention of printing, no more important event had happened in the republic of letters than the introduction of a periodical literature. It was a complete revolution, differing from other revolutions only by the quickness with which the new power was recognised even by its fiercest opponents. The power of journalism soon found its proper level, and the history of its rise and progress, which has still to be written, teaches the same lesson as the history of political powers. Journals which defended private interests, or the interests of parties, whether religious, political, or literary, never gained that influence which was freely conceded

to those who were willing to serve the public at large in pointing out real merit wherever it could be found, and in unmasking pretenders, to whatever rank they might belong. The once all-powerful organ of the Jesuits, the *Journal de Trévoux* has long ceased to exist, and even to be remembered; the *Journal des Savants* still holds, after more than two hundred years, that eminent position which was claimed for it by its founder, as the independent advocate of justice and truth.

From the Economist, 21st April.
THE LESSON OF THE AMERICAN CRISIS
FOR ENGLISHMEN.

WE would recommend those who admire the constitution of the United States, and prefer it to our own, to observe the position into which it has now brought the machinery of Government. The central idea of that arrangement was to entrust legislative power to the representatives of the people and of the States, and executive power to an individual elected by the whole population, just as the central idea of our own is to unite both functions in the hands of the Ministry of the day. After years of compromise, a great occasion arises upon which the people and the executive are at direct variance, and instantly the constitution comes to a dead lock, and the nation is driven to choose between obeying an individual will—which is despotism, or resisting it—which is neither more nor less than civil war. We must premise, as our readers generally take their news from the *Times*, that upon this matter, as upon all American subjects since 1860, the *Times* has been misled. It believes that Mr Johnson, in his recent violent and injudicious proceedings, has been contending against a small but powerful and unscrupulous faction; that the nation is with the President, and that his action, if a little irregular, expresses the permanent feeling of the country he rules. It is, however, clear that this is not the case. A majority of the people of the North, probably, as we shall soon show, a very great majority, but certainly a very considerable one indeed, are resolutely determined upon two points; first, that substantial freedom of labour shall be the universal rule of the Union; and, secondly, that the South shall either give the negroes the franchise, or abandon

the claim to count them among the electors to be represented. So long as the President showed that these were his ends also, the people, with the remarkable docility of Americans, were willing to let him choose the means, and witnessed his first acts with little annoyance or even agitation. The veto which stopped the Bill consolidating the Freedmen's Bureau was tolerated, not without a certain complacency, and the first thing which aroused suspicion was the wild speech from the steps of the White House, which in opposition to most of our contemporaries we felt compelled to condemn. That speech being made by a half-educated person to uneducated persons was perfectly intelligible to the quiet farmers who form the bulk of the American people, and they saw at once that it was an undignified explosion of extreme hatred to the Radicals. Well, the farmers did not love the Radicals particularly either, but still they thought them only a little extreme, and to hear them denounced in this undignified fashion excited a suspicion which the veto placed upon the Civil Rights Bill changed into certainty. That Bill was perhaps defective as to its machinery, but the President's Message showed, first, that he did not think the negro ought to be protected in his civil rights at all; secondly, that he was attached to State rights in an extreme degree; and thirdly, that as between North and South he was a Southerner at heart. The agitation became extreme, and Mr. Johnson, either irritated beyond bearing by the pressure placed on him, or misled by his Tennessean experiences, or deceived by his ignorance of the North in which he has never lived, and has travelled very little, issued without necessity or provocation a proclamation announcing the Civil War at an end, thus cutting away not only his own "war power"—the useful fiction through which the necessary dictatorship was exercised,—but the power of Congress to legislate for public security, and, in fact, making the re-admission of the South a constitutional necessity. Then the people broke with him. So strong was the public feeling that it became possible for the Radicals to use the reserve power of the constitution, and pass the Civil Rights Bill in the Conservative branch of the Legislature over the President's head by a majority of two-thirds. Moreover, that majority was less than the majority in the country, many senators saying openly that they had received distinct orders from the Legislatures of their States to vote against the President, but could not conscientiously

obey them. Even New York City, the stronghold of democratic feeling, turned against Mr. Johnson, and were he to be re-elected to-morrow it is probable he would not obtain a fifth of the popular vote. And yet under circumstances in which a British Ministry would be instantly driven from power, the free people of America are powerless. Substantive power belongs up to March, 1869, not to them or to their representatives, but to a self-willed individual chosen by accident, who is not amenable to Congress, who if affected by opinion at all is affected by that of the half Southern Border States, who thinks yielding discreditable, who is legally master of the army, the navy, and the civil service, who is by position master of the Legislatures of the South, and who cannot be removed. The public feeling has no more power of resolving itself into action than in Prussia. Congress can, no doubt, pass the Civil Rights Bill over the President's head, but that is only a declaration. The President must carry it out, and he either will not do it, or will do it ineffectually, while he takes measures to prevent further legislation from being of any effect. Congress cannot forbid him to withdraw the army or compel him to fill up vacancies in the Freedmen's Bureau, or keep him from filling the bureau with Southerners, or in fact from doing anything which Queen and Cabinet together can do in England. If he likes to defy them he can, and they have only two constitutional remedies — to stop the supplies or impeach the President. The former expedient is nearly impossible, as it would dissolve the army and shake public credit; and the latter can only be attempted after the President has done some decidedly illegal act. It is true that the words of the Constitution, Art. II. sec. 2, are excessively wide, Congress being empowered to elect a President, "in case of his removal from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office;" but there can be little doubt that "inability" was only intended to cover such contingencies as lunacy, paralysis, protracted illness, blindness, or the like, and not mere deficiency in capacity or willingness. Should the President, indeed, assemble the Southern members by themselves, or do any act of that kind, then indeed he might be impeached for treason; but he is a man with great legality of thought, and has the extraordinary reverence of all Americans for the letter of the Constitution. The people can do nothing, could do nothing if Congress were

unanimous; and the conflict must, so far as appears, last till March, 1869. Of course it cannot last so long, for either one side will yield or one resort to force; but constitutionally, there is no provision which could bring it to an end. There is, in fact, under the American system, no effective representative machinery through which the nation can carry out its will, while in England, though our President is hereditary and irremovable, the action of the people upon Government is almost dangerously direct and swift, becoming often effective, as was seen in the Conspiracy Bill, within a very few days. This is, as seems to us, the one grand defect of the American system; one, too, absolutely irremediable, except by an amendment to the Constitution which the President himself can veto, and which is nearly sure to be vetoed. It was the defect also of our own Government under the Commonwealth, that government by "Parliament and a Person," which Mr. Carlyle so much admires. The Person and Parliament came, after many efforts at compromise, into collision, and the Constitution went down. In America it is probable that the Parliament may win, but not till a revolution has once more become imminent. So strongly is this felt that the last vote on the Civil Rights Bill was given amid profound emotion, and the most absurd plans for the employment of physical force are discussed in provincial newspapers. It is this possibility of any necessity arising for an appeal to force on behalf of a clear majority which our Constitution prevents.

The merits of the actual questions between the President and his Congress are of less importance than the fact of collision; but, on the whole, Congress has the best of it. It is always easy to suggest reasons for not doing things, and the President may be right upon points; but the drift of his action is to annul the decision given on the battle-field, to restore the South to its old supremacy, and to abandon the negro. The country is right in not wishing those things, and Congress in resisting the President's drift expresses a reasonable national resolve. Of course, it often expresses it in a foolish way. Nothing can be in worse taste than speeches like Mr. Wade's, or resolutions like Mr. Stevens'; but the general line of Congress is sound, and that of Mr. Johnson unsound, and it is upon general considerations that nations are sure to act. Lord Palmerston often said very foolish things about foreign policy, but his general line was to protect

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English interests, to succeed in a struggle if the struggle began, and so the English people understood it; and when in the Crimean war they wanted a man who would win, they elected Lord Palmerston to rule them.

From The Saturday Review, April 21.

CANADA.

MANY circumstances have conspired to render the present a critical period for Canada and her sister provinces in North America, and, without attaching too much importance to temporary manifestations, it is at any rate safe to say that every recent indication has been favourable to the hopes of those who anticipate a splendid future for our American England. The termination of the Reciprocity Treaty, and the abortive threats of the American Fenians, supported as they were by what may be called the open connivance of the Washington Government, were conceived in a spirit of spiteful ill-will to British North America; but both the one and the other are not unlikely to foster a sense of self-reliance on the part of the colonists, combined with close co-operation and confidence between them and this country, which has long been the only thing wanting to insure the progress and prosperity of our American dependencies. The preparations recently made to meet the threatened attack by SWEENEY and his followers were not needed to prove how entirely the old annexation feeling has disappeared from Canada. They have helped, however, to make more generally known in this country a fact which has long been familiar to all persons who have been acquainted with the course of political opinion in the colony. Unfortunately, a knowledge of what is done and said and thought by our fellow-subjects across the Atlantic is very difficult to gain. The *Times* and Mr. REUTER, who chronicle the most insignificant movements in the least interesting countries of the world, have scarcely ever a word of information from the finest colonies that England possesses. For a moment the imaginary Fenian invasion has lifted the veil, and telegrams and letters from Special Correspondents duly

record, as if it were something new, the existence of a rational loyalty, and the absence of Yankee proclivities, among the English, French, and even the Irish Inhabitants of Upper and Lower Canada.

That at one time a considerable party in Canada, though always a minority, was inclined to coquet with the notion of annexation to the United States is as true as that the idea was abandoned as a folly very many years ago; and there are ample reasons to satisfy any intelligent colonist that what was folly then would be madness now. What more than anything else tended to Americanize the Canadians was a suspicion that England had grown indifferent to her colonies, and that a growing and grasping Power on their immediate frontier would be safer as an associate than as an ill-natured neighbour or a possible enemy. As suspicion begets suspicion, a corresponding doubt arose on this side whether the colonists were prepared to take their share in the common burdens of the Empire, in the contingency of an American war. Both suspicions were thoroughly unfounded. There may be theoretical politicians in this country who regard ultimate independence as the goal to which all colonies must tend, but there never has been, and probably never will be, an English Government that would be disposed to be slack in the defence of Canada, whether attacked by Fenians marauders or by the whole strength of the United States. Those statesmen who have urged most strongly the impossibility of protecting Canada without the hearty co-operation of her whole population have acknowledged the duty of doing all that Great Britain could do should the emergency arise; and in such an event it needs no prophetic power to foretell that, if there were any advocates of a less generous policy, they would be swept away by the impulse of national feeling. If it is true that the colonists may safely trust England, it is not less true that we may as securely rely upon their patriotism. The sudden muster of 10,000 volunteers on the frontier may not seem a very great matter to those who forget how sparsely Canada is peopled; but the promptitude and zeal with which the call to arms was answered is more significant than the mere strength of the force. How England would act if Fenian threats became realities the colonists may learn, not only from Mr. GLADSTONE's emphatic language, but from the prompt though quiet preparation already made to counteract possible dangers from this or any

other source. That there are threatening dangers which neglect might magnify it is impossible to doubt, in the face of such a resolution as has been brought forward in the American Congress, in favour of aggression upon the Newfoundland fisheries. It is not, indeed, to be supposed that the Washington Cabinet would openly countenance the policy of forcibly demanding the privileges which they have lost by the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. Still the subject of the fisheries was always a sore one, and the opportunities now afforded to individuals of embroiling their country in a war are unexampled. The alleged scheme of the Fenians to manufacture a national quarrel by trespassing on the fishing grounds is much more feasible than their absurd project of occupying Canada; and the presence in those waters of two powerful fleets under the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, though it may prevent actual collisions, is little calculated to improve the feeling of the two countries. All this is very well understood in Canada, and the effect of it has been to make the colonists draw closer than ever to the Mother-country. Nothing now could induce more than a handful of Canadians to favour annexation to the United States; and it would be strange if it were otherwise. At present they pay such moderate taxes as they themselves think fit; they take up arms readily enough, no doubt, but only at their own will and pleasure; they regulate their own tariffs and obey their own laws. If their allegiance were transferred from England to the United States, they would have their taxation quadrupled at least; they would be subject to unlimited future imposts; their tariff would be settled in the interest of New England manufacturers; and their people would be liable, in the event of war, to a conscription decreed by a Legislature in which they would have but an infinitesimal voice. So long as Canada feels able to keep free from her powerful neighbour, she will strain every nerve to escape the comparative slavery of annexation to the United States.

While the clouds on the horizon have thus tended to increase the mutual trust of this country and Canada, they have not been without effect in bringing the smaller maritime provinces into closer approximation. When the scheme of Confederation was first propounded, the broad advantages of the policy were so manifest to us that it was difficult to understand the hesitation which a multitude of local causes tended to create.

To the Canadians, who knew how difficult and almost impracticable a task they had found it to work the legislative union between their own discordant provinces, and, still more, to the maritime colonies, who feared that their little local nationality would be wholly lost and annihilated by union with the Canadas, the small practical hindrances to the project were much more conspicuous than to ourselves, and time was needed to bring them all round to a larger and more statesmanlike view. Events are rapidly hastening this consummation. The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty must teach the colonies to look to each other and to the sea, rather than to the American frontier, as the natural outlet for their trade; and a desire for mutual free trade will do more than anything else to promote the scheme of Federal union. Already Newfoundland has declared in favour of union. New Brunswick is supposed to be on the eve of rescinding her former adverse vote, and it would then be almost impossible for Nova Scotia to escape conversion to the common cause. The minority in Canada who have opposed the project seem to have done so almost exclusively from the fear that it might tend rather to premature independence than to a more intimate and cordial union with Great Britain. The apprehension is, we believe, wholly misplaced, though the feeling that prompts it is not one that we can complain of. More co-operation and closer communication with the Mother-country than the mere existence of a Constitutional Governor implies is much desired on the part of many Canadian politicians; and they will probably in the end see, as we do here, that when once the whole of British North America acts through a single agency, it may be possible to establish relations with the Home Government which are quite impracticable so long as four or five provinces wholly independent of each other have to be separately consulted. It is a remarkable and very satisfactory fact, however, that both those who support and those who oppose the scheme of Federation do so because they believe that they are pursuing the policy most calculated to strengthen their connection with the Mother-country. That the Unionists exercise the sounder judgment few persons in England will doubt, and if external pressure shall tend to consummate the scheme, we may have much yet for which to thank the impotent malice of the Fenians and the short-sighted commercial spitefulness of American politicians.

From the Spectator.

GOLDEN LEAVES.*

THERE is just now a large and increasing demand for "selections," and there seems little danger of any scarcity of supply. From *Beauties of Shakespeare* to *Sentences from Pious Authors*, nothing escapes this ruthless clipping, this intellectual dictation. It were a curious and not uninteresting inquiry to trace the mental condition which finds these extracts so sufficient for its appetite. Is it real want of leisure which induces men hungering for something higher, possibly truer, than the routine of their ordinary occupation, to suck in morsels of thought as the country-born exile of Bethnal Green might delight in the torn petals of a flower? Or is it the mental indolence which gladly accepts a pleasure for which it has been at no pains to dig? Or is the solution a more humiliating one, as we strongly suspect it is, and that these "selections" serve as a thin cloak covering much unblushing ignorance? Since it has become the fashion to claim a sort of impertinent familiarity with the name and works of every intellectual giant, and a good many intellectual pigmies too, the thousands to whom the perusal of even one work heavier in matter than a three-volume novel would be an inexpressible bore, get from these "selections" the kind of literary intimacy and pleasure which "Philistines" derive from leaving pieces of pasteboard at the homes of greater names than their own, secure in the comfortable reflection that "they are sure to be out." Of the hundreds who profess a knowledge of Whately, how many outside the purely literary class have got beyond the "Select Sentences." Of the thousands who talk of Goethe's convictions, how many know more of them than are revealed in the *conversations*? Yet while fighting what we believe to be a real evil, we are not blind to the distinctive merits of the different beauties thus carefully from time to time arranged, nor do we forget that a well fed man may enjoy the morsels we object to see take the place of more substantial fare. In the selection before us Mr. Hows has done his work carefully and zealously. It is not his fault that his *Golden Leaves* are but tipped with light from the early dawn, that the day has not yet risen upon America which shall give birth to a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Tennyson. He

has taken materials which lay ready to his hand, and arranged them on the whole well. It is true, we occasionally find it difficult to see the poetry, or even the sense of some of the poems quoted, as, for instance, in the lines to a "Wild Honeysuckle," by Philip Freneau, when he says:—

"By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye."

We in our ignorance always imagined nature intended wild flowers for the special gratification of vulgar eyes. And we fail to appreciate the sense or beauty of the verses which follow:—

"Smit with those charms that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom:
They died—nor were those flowers more
gay—
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower."

"From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower."

So, again, the Rev. Ralph Hoyt has a poem with a grandiloquent title, "The World for Sale," in which, along with wealth, fame, and other articles of small account, the despairing poet offers "Friendship," "frail, fickle, false, and little worth;" "Love," "the plumeless dying dove;" and even "Hope," "man's last friend and best," but declares:—

"The best of all I still have left,
My faith, my Bible, and my God."

Mr. Hows, we think, might have paused before inserting the production of one who had learned so little of the first elements of harmony, as not to recognize that there is a discord in his thought for which no mere versification can atone. Whittier is well represented. "The Brother of Mercy" is so good, we regret the impossibility of giving it entire, and we will not spoil it by mutilation. His "Maud Muller," too, is full of simple music and pathos peculiarly its own. A few verses from Emerson are most happily selected, especially the last:—

"Oh! when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

* *Golden Leaves from the American Poets.* Collected by John W. S. Hows, With an Introductory Essay by Alexander Smith. London: Frederick Warne and Co. 1866.

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man, —
At the Sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may
meet?"

And there is the true ring in a few verses
by Winter:—

"AFTER ALL.

"The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands reddened
In the blood of the dying sun.

"At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

"A woman is kneeling beside him, —
A fair young form is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

"And, far from over the distance,
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

"Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper —
'The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee.' . . .

"The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour;

"But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill;

"And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone."

Lowell's "Parable" is, we think, most unwisely omitted from this selection; the few words of intense satire made living by his special genius would have given a fairer photograph of the poet's mind. But Mr. Hows has smothered some of these men, who have really touched their harps with no uncertain sound, beneath a host of minor names, whose effusions we could have spared. America is not the land wherein "mute inglorious Miltons" are likely to rest in a self-imposed obscurity, but a hundred and eight poets living in one country,

for the most part in one generation, and crowded into one small volume, is really somewhat oppressive; like a badly arranged orchestra, the bass is apt to drown the finer notes. But apart from these considerations, the book before us would suggest a few moments of painful thought. What is it we miss? What is it that, with two or three exceptions, is painfully wanting? We think it is the genius born of pain and patience.

Richter tells us, "God does with poets as we with singing birds, when we shut them in a darkened cage till they sing the tunes we teach them." It is from the reed "which grows never more again as a reed by the reeds of the river," that we get music so "blinding sweet." We do not depreciate the civilization which gives so much physical comfort to so large a number, but it is Milton, broken in fortune and blind, who sings:—

'So much the rather Thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her
powers irradiate."

It is Shakespeare, "goring his own thoughts," as he makes himself "a motley to the view," who writes for all time. It is Hugo in exile who makes his prose yet more poetic than his verse.

America has probably a grand future before her; she is already passing through the inevitable Red Sea to the promised land. The elements of a great poem are not wanting to her, but till she realizes that intellectual conflict is better than self-satisfaction, that joy is higher than comfort, and one fresh thought worth ten bales of cotton, she will have no Beethoven to stir our spirits' inner depths with chords of more than earthly music, no Correggio to paint an "Ecce Homo," no Milton to write another *Comus*.

From The Spectator 14 April.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THERE are few poems of the present day and certainly no religious poems, that have acquired so vast a popularity and so permanent an influence as those of Keble's *Christian Year*, and now that the poet himself has left us, it seems a fit moment to inquire what the nature of that influence has been. We have been severely condemned

for saying that his poetry was very sweet, very thin, and very feminine; but hasty as such a judgment seems, we conceive it to be a true and mature one, — not, we need hardly say, because there is so profound a feeling of spiritual dependence in all Mr. Keble's verses, for in some sense that is of the very essence of Christian feeling, — and if it is feminine, it is only because women are so far of higher nature than men, — but rather because Mr. Keble loved to foster artificially the feeling of dependence by making for himself a string of occasions to which it became a kind of second nature to attune the spirit of his own mind, — because he forced his poetic insight, which was delicate, but not very fertile and original, into the service of these often fanciful occasions of worship. The idea of *The Christian Year*, the idea of so mapping out the various little hints and allusions given in the Gospels, as to find a well defined and appropriate mood of spiritual poetry for as many days as possible in the calendar, seems to us to have been popular rather for its faultiness than for its merit. Religious men and women in general, especially the latter, want something more to lean upon than God has actually given. They find a difficulty in so raising their own thoughts to the few illuminated points in the mysterious world of spirits as to keep their earthly duties in a constantly living and fresh relation with their faith. There is something so oppressive to them in the infinite, untravelled night, lighted up here and there by suns or planets, but stretching for the most part far beyond our utmost reach of knowledge, that they catch with relief at the proposal of the Puseyite poet to trace out with mimic stars, — really lamps lighted by human ingenuity at the mere verbal suggestions of revelation, — the yearly round of human exertion, by finding or forcing a mood of occasional piety out of the smallest items of historic incident or moral epithet in the great history of revelation. Now we do not call that a tendency springing from the true, childlike spirit which Christ spoke of as the only one which could enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but rather one that loves regulated moods so well as to impose spiritual lights on itself which are not divine, but human. In all true faith there is a free wide region of simple wonder, of which all that we know is that it is within the region of God's rule, though outside the circle of the light which He has given us. It is a part of the true spirit of dependence, — that spirit of dependence which is not only

feminine but masculine, — to lean *only* upon God, and gaze into the darkness which He leaves in many places still so deep around us without trying to fancy it light. True poetry, no less than true faith, demands some courage in facing the large blanks in our knowledge, as well as true trust towards the revealed will and mind of God. But the Puseyite poet, imitating at a distance the Roman Catholic Church, has tried to blot out these blank spaces in our field of view by multiplying indefinitely the number of derivative trains of association which may be linked on, more or less laboriously, to given points in the Gospel history. It is his aim to cover with a number of well defined subordinate lines of meditation, the area of thought and feeling which a more masculine faith would attempt to fill by recasting our modern difficulties and temptations in the spirit and mould of our Lord's teaching. Instead of restating and reconciling our faith with the strides of modern medical science, the Puseyite poet writes beautiful verses about St. Luke the "beloved physician." Instead of reconsidering the new historical points of view brought before all sincere inquirers by modern investigation in connection with the Gospel narrative, the Puseyite poet looks for some little distinct characteristic of each of the four Evangelists in order to fill his historical horizon with a fourfold train of edifying feeling. Instead of musing on the spirit of modern charity, the Puseyite poet takes the Apostolic title bestowed upon Barnabas, "the Son of Consolation, a Levite," and plays a strain of gentle musical variations on that theme. And so it is everywhere. The characteristic attempt of the Puseyite poet is not to throw the light of God's character and revelation on the new world in which we live, but to find some definite chain of pious antique associations in 'connection with the 'lessons,' or 'epistles,' or 'gospels' appointed for each of the days in the Church's calendar. And the whole effect of this is to turn the Christian imagination, the Christian fancy, upon the *details* of the divine story, instead of upon its central light and teaching, and often upon details so minute and accidental that the strain of thought suggested takes up quite a disproportionate place in our religion. Thus it seems to become a more important matter to the Church that Demas (of whom we know nothing else) deserted Paul, or that Mark quarrelled with him, or that the lesson relating Aaron's act of idolatry is selected for the fifth Sunday after Easter, or that St. Matthew was perhaps the same person

as Levi the publican, and left his profitable calling at the word of Christ, than it is to discover what is, in our own times, deserting Christ and what is truly cleaving to Him; what concession we may and may not make to the claims of friendship; what are the acts of idolatry to which modern priests are tempted; what callings we ought to abandon, and what only to remould and clear of their insincerities or injustices, in order to obey the command 'Follow me.' The theory of course is, that by diligently pursuing the hints thrown out in Scripture in such passages, we do find our modern duty. But it is not a true theory, unless at all events, instead of confining ourselves to the passage after Mr. Keble's fashion, and the fashion of most modern sermons, which are so far Puseyite in their method, we take as wide a grasp as we may of the whole spirit of revelation, of what it teaches, and of what it leaves dark, and then follow it up by as wide a grasp as we can get of the whole teaching of modern science and experience. The spirit of *The Christian Year* speaks with points of often quite imaginary light — really mere dots of bright, pious association — the horizon of a modern intellect and conscience.

Yet Mr. Keble himself, in perhaps the finest verses which he ever wrote, delineated the trustful, free, unformulated attitude of mind that faces its own ignorance as freely as its knowledge, — an attitude of mind the radical unpopularity of which with religious people caused, in great measure, the popularity of *The Christian Year*. Even these fine verses would scarcely have been written had not the Old Testament lesson for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity (Habakkuk ii.) contained the following grand words: — "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." This verse suggested to Mr. Keble a train of thought which delineates the highest tone of a Jewish prophet's mind far better than his own: —

"That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Waiting in trance nor dark nor clear*
The appalling Future as it nearer draws,
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the eternal
Cause.

"That is the heart for watchman true,
Waiting to see what God will do

* "It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark." — Zech. xiv. 6.

As on the Church the gathering twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye
If chance the golden hours be nigh
By youthful hope seen beaming round her
walls.

"Forced from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise,
There seek his answer while the world re-
proves,
Contented in his darkling round
If only, he be faithful found,
When from the East the eternal morning
moves."

It may be said that what delineates the highest attitude of a Hebrew prophet's mind does not delineate the highest attitude of a Christian's mind, but the difference certainly does not consist in placing more stress on the minutest incidents and allusions of a history which derives all its importance from the unveiling of the divine character, not from the little human traits, or even shadows of human traits, which are so painfully culled by edifying writers from the Bible. It was evidently Mr. Keble's aim in *The Christian Year* to delineate the various events and objects, the outlines of which come out more or less faintly in the Bible, as a sort of world of higher Nature, full of all those rich well-springs of poetical inspiration and suggestions which, on a lower plane, the mountains, valleys, rivers, seas, and skies of earth present to the mind of such a poet as Wordsworth. In most of Keble's poems there is an opening of sweet but dilute Wordsworthian verse upon the aspects of outward nature, which rises, — or falls, as it may be, — as the poem goes on, into the poetical treatment of the Biblical incident or allusion which really suggested it, and which bears some real or fanciful analogy to the natural scenery delineated in its commencement. Thus the poem on Monday in Whitsun week, taking as its text a verse from the Old Testament lesson about the ruin of the Tower of Babel, begins with a very delicate description of the sort of ruin an affectionate heart desires, if ruin must come, for its old home, —

"Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glade should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time hath wrought,"

— and then the poet goes on to contrast this vision with the fancied dreariness of the ruined Tower of Babel, and of course

to draw the lesson that selfish ambition is always destined to this sort of dreary ruin. In fact it is the effort of *The Christian Year* to transfigure the lower world of natural beauty and its suggestions in a higher world of sacred history and its lessons,—to make the lives of saints, and apostles, and all the little occasions of ecclesiastical anniversaries, bear the same relation to the revelation of God in Christ that the planets and lesser lights bear to that of the sun in the physical universe. Now we believe this to be useless and even a narrowing and misleading effort,—and one which too often necessarily fails to reach the natural springs of true poetry. What are St. Simon and St. Jude, for instance, to us? No doubt good men to whom we are indirectly deeply indebted, but of whom we know absolutely nothing, and who are far less to us even as Christians now, than the hard-working curate who will preach about them to our sorrow, or the benevolent builder or tea-dealer who may listen to him with wonder and respect. The religious value of the details of the Scripture history seems to us altogether to consist in the light it throws on God's character, laws, and love. Separated from this, the sort of sanctity which is attached to St. Andrew's Day, or St. Michael's Day, or an allusion in the epistle for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, is not religious, and is far from poetical. This is why Mr. Keble's verses so often dwindle from a beautiful opening into a dry, fine-drawn, and unimpressive close. You cannot people the religious world of thought with these ancient forms and incidents, however sacred their associations. If you do, at least, it withers away before your sight, and becomes a world of dry bones in spite of all the piety of the mind which attempts the transfiguration. It is as far beyond a poet's power to spin out the divine nature into threads of ecclesiastical incident, as it is to spin out the beauty of physical nature into threads of secular incident. Poetry ceases directly you descend too much into accidental details, and leave the springs of thought and beauty. And sweet and pathetic as is much of the late Mr. Keble's religious poetry, it has had, we think, no little narrowing influence on those whom it has affected most, by virtue of its often excessively occasional, artificially occasional, character. That the occasions selected were ecclesiastical rather than secular or domestic, is perhaps not in their favour as poetry. An ecclesiastical occasion may be as paltry as any other. Religious poetry must keep to God and the broader

characteristics of divine revelation, if it is to have its full influence. It becomes poor and loses all the power of religious poetry, when it prostrates itself before small incidents and minute allusions.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.—A REMONSTRANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—If I agreed with you less in some of your remarks on *The Christian Year*, and had a stronger sympathy than I have with the kind of religious thought and poetry which it has diffused through the land, I should not care so much to point out what seems to me the injustice of your very able criticism, and the evil effects which it may produce in many whom it provokes and in many who approve it.

I must begin with protesting against the notion that *The Christian Year* owed its wide popularity to the ecclesiastical tendencies which were already awake in its readers, or even to those which it called forth. I had myself many opportunities of noticing its effect upon Churchmen and Churchwomen who had been brought up in the Evangelical school, upon Dissenters of various classes, upon Quakers who had regarded the observance of days, and months, and years as superstitious and unchristian. I saw with wonder how heartily it was welcomed by some of the best of them as a book in which they could thoroughly sympathize, which expressed feelings within them that demanded an expression and had not found one, which communed with them by signs that as brother and sister freemasons they could recognize. They had been used in the songs of their own schools to very vehement utterances of the most secret emotions; these had often given place to phrases which were not utterances of any emotion at all. The reserve of Keble, betraying so much—indicating so much that could not be spoken, had a charm for such persons which, after it became in his followers a calculated, professional reserve was anything but charming, was cruelly repellent. Then there was in *The Christian Year* a species of humane culture of which persons brought up under the same classical discipline as its author scarcely take notice, but which had a new and rare attraction for young men and women of the middle class, whose faculties were often much more alive

who had more originality, than the majority of their more fortunate countrymen, but who had been led to associate the most elevated topics with vulgar thoughts and a pompous and affected dialect. Cowper, the favourite religious poet, had no doubt preserved his Westminster culture, his high breeding, and his manly English; but he, they were told, had lost all the flavour of his devotion when he began to translate Homer. To find such deep religious feeling, combined with unobtrusive, unpedantic scholarship, was a delight which those who entered into it most could have explained least. The ordinary man of letters, if he notices religious poetry at all, expects to find in it some stimulant, he cares not how vulgar a stimulant; other characteristics he says he can get better elsewhere. Those of whom I speak had the warmth in themselves; what they longed for was that the two meanings of the word "grace" should not be kept for ever separate and set in opposition to each other. The writer who meets this want might surely be forgiven if he had a somewhat extravagant liking for Charles I. and Episcopacy. These readers did not adopt his views, but they had kindness and toleration enough to like him rather the better for idiosyncracies which they did not share.

I have described faithfully what I believe to have been the impression which this volume of poetry made upon a class of persons—drawn from various classes—whose respect Mr. Keble would not have prized, but who really constituted some of the earliest, and, as I suspect, the most genuine, of his admirers. I know that I learnt from such persons to understand the reality of a power and fascination which, left to myself, I might not have confessed. While I recollect them, I feel that *The Christian Year* has been a great instrument of civilization in our time, which we could very ill afford to have lost. It was a kind of instrument which could only have been wielded by such a man as Keble was. Nothing which his most intimate friends say of his personal character can be exaggerated, or can be irrelevant, when we are discussing his poetry. To separate the man from the poem I hold to be always a foolish experiment; in this case it is clearly an impossible one. I reverence the man without having had the slightest personal acquaintance with him, or caring for any of his peculiar opinions. I reverence his poetry as the true speech of the man, far truer, I apprehend, than any of his opinions, with however much of honesty and fervour they might be entertained.

Next, as to the school itself, which *The Christian Year*, as all admit, did so much to create, and which has produced so much verse after the same type. That this school is open to the charge of being feminine and artificial, and of cultivating feminine and artificial habits of thought and expression, I do not deny. But I felt, when I watched its infancy, I have felt more strongly in observing the different stages of its growth, that its worst faults and its worst effects have proceeded, not from that which it embraces, but from that which it rejects, not from its reverence, but from its scorn. The primary article of its poetical confession may be that we should honour Keble the High-Churchman; its second and equally fundamental article, sanctioned by terrors as tremendous, is that we should renounce Milton the Puritan. A member of the London Committee for electing Mr. Williams as Professor of Poetry in Mr. Keble's place appealed to a friend of mine—as one who did not wish to mix questions of divinity with questions of literature—whether he would not, when a poetical chair was to be contended for, support the man who had given most proof of interest in poetry. My friend's answer was, that it was true he cared little for either of their houses, and would never turn his vote on such a question into a weapon against either; but that he would not help to make any one a teacher of poetry in Oxford who would hold himself pledged to tell the undergraduates that *Paradise Lost* and *Comus* were bad poems, and that their author was a bad man. All who preach that negative doctrine, or any approach to it, must, I think, if they connect their poetry with their Christian life, be feminine and artificial. I agree with you that Keble is not masculine precisely because he is utterly unlike those Hebrew psalmists and prophets with whom Milton was in such living sympathy. A masculine Paganism—at least an unfeminine Paganism—may be reproduced in our days; it will be unreal, I think, but it may be a very tolerable counterfeit. But the Christian Church, if it looks at the Jewish records merely as parts of a divine book, or as types of its own history, must be feminine, and the feminine side being robbed of its proper complement and counterpart, will always tend to become not truly feminine, but artificial, fantastic, sickly. Dr. Pusey, with all his devotion to the letter of the Old Testament, with all his knowledge of its language, is as essentially anti-Hebraic as Bishop Colenso. The history of the divine education of a nation, except so far as it in

volves certain dogmatic opinions or certain religious sentiments, is a dead thing to one as to the other. To Keble it was not a merely dead thing. He had *English*, however they might be reduced into mere *Anglican*, sympathies; when he wrote *The Christian Year*, the grander events of the Jewish history were at least living pictures to his imagination, if they were not substantive facts of his life. But evidently the idolatry of the fathers who had no country robbed him of his precious possession. The living pictures became poor likenesses or adumbrations of some New Testament notion or symbol. What was there in such a conception to match the faith of the Puritans, who believed that the sword of Gideon was the sword of the Lord at all times, and might be unsheathed in their days as much as in the days of the Midianites? That was a masculine faith; not quite satisfactory, I fancy, without some feminine accompaniments, but better perhaps than any which is purely feminine, for that may scratch with nails, if it cannot lift any stouter weapon.

If I am right in these observations—if this school has enfeebled itself by its contemptuous treatment of the writers whom it could not understand, and perhaps had no call to understand—should we not be very careful of imitating its narrowness and exclusiveness? Can we make men masculine by denouncing them for being feminine? Can we exalt the higher poetry or quicken the growth of any such among ourselves, by denouncing that which we consider lower—that which may have produced very mean imitations, but which has served to cheer some of the best spirits among us, nay, which has ministered greatly to the refinement and purification of English society? I cannot say how I am oppressed by the thought that the most beautiful faculty of our times is employed chiefly in this negative destructive work, chiefly in showing us what we are not to prize and love. I do not mean that this use of criticism specially belongs to the present generation. We and our fathers have all turned it to that account, our children are only improving upon the example that we set them. The *Edinburgh* reviewers and all the fashion of the day denounced Wordsworth. He proved too strong for them. The critics bowed before the poet. But the poet's disciples became saucy critics. They spoke contemptuously of Pope, whom their fathers honoured. The revenge came. I do not know if the study of Pope has increased. The study of

Wordsworth has certainly diminished. We cannot transmit our admirations to our sons. It is not fit that we should. They ought to have their own heroes and prophets. Tennyson and Browning must be more to them than Wordsworth. But we can (and, alas! do) transmit, to them our habits of contempt, only by a just retribution they are turned against men who have been our benefactors. And as we grow older and colder, we lose our early attachments, without entering into the sympathies of the coming age and learning to respect its teachers.

But surely this need not be so. Cannot you, who are critics, cultivate in us, both young and old, a better and truer mind? Why will you not teach us how we may profit by each of the writers that have been given us, whether they wrote masculine or feminine verses? Why will you not show us that one has a commission to do what another cannot do, and that if he has executed his commission imperfectly, we may be the wiser for that very imperfection? Mr. Swinburne, who has undertaken to instruct us about Lord Byron, would be greatly amused at such a discussion as I have been engaged in. He would regard it as the attempt of one member of the *parti prêtre* to defend another, and to prove that all poetry should be the minister of divinity. No, Sir, I do not speak of Mr. Keble as a doctor in divinity; I have learnt more of that from Lord Byron. Most men who were young men or boys in the Regency, or in the early part of George IV.'s reign, passed through the Byronic fever. It might vary in degrees of virulency; it might last through the twenty-one days, or the crisis might come earlier. Anyhow, I believe, it was meant to strengthen, not to enfeeble, the constitutions which underwent it. Most perhaps laughed at themselves for this experience, as Lord Byron laughed at himself for having caused it. But now, in looking back and trying to understand the nature of the epidemic,—in trying to trace its stages through the books which called it forth,—I do perceive profound lessons of morality and divinity in them which I have not been able to derive from Wordsworth or from Keble. If I were left to *The Christian Year* and *The Excursion*, I might fancy that some sacerdotal medicines could heal the consciences of ordinary men, that a mixture of Pantheism with these potions could make them available for philosophers. *Manfred* cures me of that delusion. When he—a representative of our age—asks the spirits to give him forgetfulness, and they answer that they

can give him anything but that, he drives me back upon Luther. I see that our century needs a divine redemption and reconciliation as much as the sixteenth century needed them, needs them without the limitations which that century supposed to be reasonable and possible. But having grounded myself in my *theology* by assiduous attendance on the discourses of Mr. Swinburne's favourite preacher, may I not improve my *humanity* by listening to less terrible instructors? One may be called "feminine," the other "culinary." I can discern much cleverness and some appropriateness in each epithet. But surely the talent of discovering and labelling defects is not the one to be most esteemed in a liberal and comprehensive age.—Your obedient servant,

A SEXAGENARIAN.

[Our correspondent surely mistakes in supposing that because a criticism is partly negative in form it is negative in essence. We agree with him in thinking criticism purely negative on any great writer, any truly popular writer, bad. Whatever the defects of the criticism on Keble, we do not hesitate to say that its writer has seldom put more positive conviction into any criticism. — Ed. *Spectator*.]

From The Saturday Review.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

THE whole duty of next-door neighbours has never perhaps been thoroughly investigated by any moral philosopher. The Catechism certainly teaches us, at a very early age, how we ought to conduct ourselves towards our neighbour in the abstract. But it is understood that the neighbour of the Catechism only stands for any one who, from the point of view of a common and tailless humanity, ought to be regarded, for moral and religious purposes, as a man and a brother. It is our bounden duty to love all our white brothers, washed or unwashed, and perhaps even black ones, as ourselves, and to be true and just in all our dealings to them. So much may be conceded on all hands, and it is quite right that such an unexceptionable sentiment should be put into the Prayer-book, and taught once a week to every young person who has not been confirmed. But this golden rule, like all golden rules, is an ideal

standard of excellence. It gives us no particular recipe for dealing with the family next door, who, in spite of the thinness of London walls, persist in practising the flute every evening from nine o'clock to eleven. The Catechism throws no light upon the subject, and seems, when we think of it under such circumstances, to have been written chiefly in order to do good to people who reside in country parts. The code which should regulate the intercourse of neighbours in the country seems comparatively plain. They are pretty sure to know each other, as acquaintances at least, and to have plenty of opportunities of mutual courtesy or mutual backbiting. They go to the same church, to the same county balls, distribute port wine and blankets to the same sick families, and ride after the same pack of hounds. Such being the case, it is as well to know them and to be civil to them; and, if we only act up to the spirit and letter of the Catechism, we shall know how to do it. To dine with each other occasionally, to subscribe to the same book club, to encourage the respective and rival gardeners to exchange the cold courtesy of cuttings, to keep one's fences in good condition, not to quarrel about electioneering or about occupation roads, and, above all, never to abuse each other except in the strictest confidence—such are some of the wholesome and useful laws that good sense and propriety dictate to country neighbours. The Catechism is again especially valuable for the lower orders, particularly for those who live in the same village, or on the same property. They will always be wanting to borrow each other's kettles or teapots, or chairs or tables, and one of the special parts of a parson's business is to preach at them, and to teach them to be willing to lend each other what they want. The whole duty of a country labourer is well summed up in the formulary in question, which, though capable of application indirectly to the rich, appears at the first blush to have been written expressly for the poor. Everybody will go right so long as the poor obey the policeman, the clergyman, and the squire, order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from lying and slandering; especially if sobriety, and an industrious desire to get their living in that station of life to which they are called, are added to the preceding habits of modesty and virtue. Every one, however, will acknowledge that London next-door neighbours are not connected with each other as closely as neighbours in

the above-mentioned cases. The relation of next-door neighbourhood is at best a cold, casual, cheerless tie. It implies a common party-wall, a common gas company, a common tax-gatherer and dust-cart, and a common entrance to separate stables. It is evident that the code of morals applicable to such a state of things is altogether different from the code supplied by the Catechism; and yet it is important to have some practical regulations in one's head, the observance of which will lead with certainty to the general comfort of both parties. If such regulations differ from the golden standard laid down by the authority of the Church, the difference is due to the peculiarity of the circumstances, not to any deficiency in the golden standard of the Church itself.

"Know thyself" is a precept as old as all philosophy, and one which, in modern times as well as ancient, is rightly thought to be the secret of most worldly happiness. To make it perfect for the uses of life in large towns, it ought, as the sage who invented it would probably admit, to be slightly, though only slightly, amplified. The entire and amended maxim would be quite as easy to remember, and would possibly run thus:—"Know thyself, but do not know thy next-door neighbour." The Catechism is quite consistent with this reading. We are told to "love" our neighbour, but we are nowhere told to make his acquaintance. Whether we shall do so or not is an open point as far as religion is concerned, and a philanthropic desire for his best welfare, both here and hereafter, is quite compatible with not knowing him in the flesh. All experience warns us that acquaintances are much more lovable at a little distance, and the mathematical chances in favour of both liking and knowing a casual next-door neighbour are less than the chances of liking him without knowing him at all. Siamese twins would perhaps go through the world more happily and comfortably if they never permitted their compulsory connection to carry them beyond a mere bowing acquaintance with each other. And while London houses continue to be built as badly as they are now built, next-door neighbours are in a position not altogether unlike that of Siamese twins. In some respects they are even worse off. Nature, it is said, usually confers upon Siamese twins the same tastes and the same predilections. One brother likes what the other brother likes, and feels what the other brother feels. The union of a common wall is as indissoluble as the bond of flesh and blood; but there is unhappily no providential arrange-

ment, in the case of the former tie, which makes it palatable and endurable. A lease for years is not like nature. Interest in a common chimney and common drainage does not give one the capacity for enjoying concerted music through a wall, or appreciating the various efforts made by the juvenile members of an unseen family to acquire a mastery over polka music and the scales. Music which is said to soothe savage beasts would be anything but soothing to a Siamese twin. Perhaps the greatest instance of human misery which the imagination can conceive would be the spectacle of Mr. Babbage united irrevocably to a Siamese partner who was fond of the concertina or the French horn. The evils to which Mr. Babbage has not been condemned by nature any of us may be condemned to endure by the caprice of fortune. Happy are the people who on one side or other of their domestic hearth, are not subjected to an equally severe misfortune of the sort, and as it appears to be a law of harmony that musical sounds should get out of tune during the process of passing through bricks and mortar, the lot of those who live next door to musical households is not enviable. Nor is it easy to say how far human patience ought to be carried. If flutes and the gamut should be endured without a murmur, what is the limit of endurance? All Scotchmen are supposed, with some reason, to be fond of bagpipes; and it would seem naturally hard to a Scotchman living in London if he were altogether interdicted, both on week days and Sundays, from the enjoyment of his national melodies. Any of us may, therefore, in the course of a long and happy life, be placed in the position of living next door to a bagpipe-loving Scotchman, and we ought to be prepared for the emergency. For a long time morality and manners would bid us to try and bear up cheerfully and happily under the infliction. We should go on endeavouring to love the Scotchman and his Scotch children, even if we could not bring ourselves to love his bagpipes, on the sound though subtle distinction that one may love the sinner, though one detests the sin. Some day or other we should probably in the long run break down, and determine to remonstrate. It is evidently much easier to remonstrate with the neighbour of whom you know nothing, except that he is a Scotchman with a passion for the Highlands and Highland harmony, or a merchant in the Turkey trade who is teaching himself singing for his private pleasure, than to remonstrate with a family one knows, in

whose musical achievements, however imperfect, we ought to be supposed by a polite fiction to take a friendly interest. For fear, accordingly, of bagpipes next door, and all the class of annoyances that may be ranged generally under the head of bagpipes, it is better to be neighbours only, without being acquaintances as well. It is possible to indicate to ladies and gentlemen of whom you know nothing, in the language of the poet, that "sounds heard are sweet," but "those unheard are sweeter;" but it is scarcely possible to interfere with the relaxations of friends with whom you dined yesterday, and who are going to dine with you to-morrow. It is true that familiar intimacy with the musicians might save one from some few trifling evils. Among the disadvantages of next-door music ought, perhaps, to be ranked its startling incongruities. By the morning post you have heard, perhaps, of the death of a near relation. The blinds are drawn down, and you are preparing to spend the day in quiet and propriety, when suddenly "Lesbia hath a beaming eye" comes pealing through the wall. This is a misfortune for which there is no cure, and the only thing to be done is to bear it with equanimity. A bold man may nerve himself so far as to protest against an unlimited supply of bagpipes, but human audacity is not equal to that of sending in to request that until the funeral of your grandmother is over the family will confine themselves to dead marches, and eschew lively music. A friend next door would on such occasions be a gain instead of a loss. The rule, however, probably holds good in spite of exceptions; and experience with respect to next-door neighbours is in favour of all courtesy and politeness, but no intimacy.

Music, meanwhile is by no means the worst of the intra-mural visitations to which next-door neighbours are exposed. It is bad enough, but children are much worse. Babies ought to be a great comfort to their parents, to make up for the misery they entail upon the next-door neighbour. A good healthy baby can make itself heard through any number of feet of brick wall, and that innocent portion of the human race, which is always amply revenging itself on society for the unkindness of Herod, cannot be silenced by any expostulation. No vindictive feeling of which the human breast is capable comes up perhaps to the bitter burning hatred which the most charitable of men feels to a baby whose bedroom is only separated from his own by a London partition. At such a crisis all the instructions of the Catechism

vanish into nothing. It may be just possible to love your neighbour, but it is not possible to love your neighbour's baby, especially between four and six o'clock in the morning. It is a curious question, and one that one would like to see answered from statistics, whether Scotchmen like the sound of babies as much as they do that of bagpipes. There is more variety in the bagpipe; but, on the other hand, it is not, strictly speaking, one of nature's noises, and not so suggestive of domestic happiness. Yet a bagpipe on the other side of the wall, one is inclined to think, would be the more cheerful of the two. There are limits to bagpipes. They play chiefly between sunrise and sunset, and usually in the open air. Nobody could object to a baby on a distant hill, or at a Highland gathering, or a national ceremony, especially if it was heard only at fixed hours and at stated intervals. In London no regulation of the kind is feasible, and while next-door music only disturbs quiet conversation and repose, babies, like Macbeth, murder the sleep itself. While such sufferings are inflicted and endured from house to house, it is idle to talk of the nuisance of hurdy-gurdies and street music.

Life is too short, and the world is too crowded, to permit of next-door neighbours being united by any real tie. In the country, neighbours have at any rate common duties, and to a certain extent, common interests. In a large metropolis, they have neither. Business and bustle take up the greater portion of the day, and one virtue after another which is proverbially characteristic of a less crowded society must of necessity disappear. Hospitality itself no longer means, with most of us, what it did a hundred years ago, or what it still means in less populated regions. It might and does, under altered circumstances, entail a relationship of host and guest, to violate the conventionalities of which would be a crime. It no longer, nowadays, implies more than the barest and most naked acquaintance. One is at liberty to dislike and to abuse those whose hospitality one has received, for the simple reason that one generally knows far more of one's host's dinners than of one's host himself. In a few months one might pass him in the street without recognising, or being recognised in turn. The obligation, if any, which we have contracted towards him under his roof is easily discharged by the exchange of a similar courtesy; and men and women who have dined at each other's houses go on their way again with as little ceremony as if they had only

met at a *table d'hôte*. One cause of this is that men are too busy, as a rule, to meet each other except over the dinner-table. If they do not meet in this way, they will never meet at all; and the casual acquaintance-ship formed at a dinner-table only lasts about a couple of hours. The relation of neighbourhood, like the relation of hospitality, is no longer what it was. Once to be a good neighbour was one of the virtues inculcated from childhood upon the English gentleman. There is hardly such a thing in modern times as a good neighbour. It is hardly possible that there should be. Railways and large towns have put an end to local ties. The whole duty of next-door neighbours is probably summed up in the maxim to let each other alone, and to abstain from annoying each other when the chance occurs. Mutual convenience will usually suggest some such compromise, but there is little beyond mutual convenience at the bottom, even if such a compromise is made. The metropolis in particular is a vast pool, on the top of which both brazen and earthen vessels float, and find themselves from time to time in juxtaposition. All that they can expect from one another is that mutual forbearance without which passers in the street would be perpetually jostling. Musical neighbours are a sad tax on such forbearance; but there are few next-door neighbours who would feel called upon to abate their own pleasures, even if they were suddenly made conscious what a nuisance those simple pleasures were to those about them.

croft may have an effect far beyond the injury which my personal character might suffer, I must request you to convey to Mr. Bancroft my denial of the truth of his allegations, and to refer him to facts of a totally opposite character.

Soon after the news of the resistance in arms of the Southern States to the Government of the Union arrived in this country a member of the House of Commons stated in his place that the bubble of republicanism had burst. I replied in the same debate that the bubble of republicanism had not burst, and that if the curse of slavery still hung about the United States, it was England who had made them the gift of the poisoned garment which was now their torment. In fact, I have never had any doubt that whether the United States consented to separation or pursued the war to extremity, the great Western republic would remain, happily for the world, a powerful and independent republic.

The authors of the Declaration of Independence, in declaring for separation from Great Britain, after enumerating their complaints of her conduct, go on to say: "We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends."

That we should be enemies in war is easily understood, but when we are at peace why should we not be friends, as the great men of the American revolution intended us to be? If they in a moment of separation and of war looked forward to a period of peace and of friendship, why should we, more than three-quarters of a century after these events, keep up sentiments of irritation and hostility, founded on a mistaken apprehension of facts, and tending to lay the foundation of permanent alienation, suspicion and ill-will.

As Mr. Bancroft's speech is likely to have very extensive publicity, I reserve to myself the power of making public this letter at such time as I shall judge fit.

I remain, my dear Mr. Adams,

Your faithful servant,

RUSSELL.

P. S. — I subjoin an extract of my speech on the 30th of May, 1861, as reported in *Hansard's Debates*.

MR. BANCROFT TO MR. ADAMS IN REPLY.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1866.

My Dear Mr. Adams, — I have received from you, by Lord Russell's desire, a copy of

MR. BANCROFT AND EARL RUSSELL.

LORD RUSSELL TO MR. ADAMS.

CHESHAM PLACE, Feb. 28, 1866.

Dear Mr. Adams, — I observe in the *Daily News* of yesterday extracts from a speech of Mr. Bancroft delivered in the House of Representatives on the 12th inst. In this speech, Mr. Bancroft is represented to have said, referring to the breaking out of the civil war: — "The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs made haste to send word through the palaces of Europe that the great republic was in its agony; that the republic was no more; that a headstone was all that remained due by the law of nations to 'the late Union.'"

As words pronounced on such an occasion and by so eminent a man as Mr. Ban-

his letter to you of 28th February last, in which he denies the truth of certain allegations in my address to Congress on the 12th of the same month. The passage which he cites contain these three allegations:— That as British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he viewed this republic as "the late Union;" that he sent this view of our country through the palaces of Europe; and that he made haste to do so. When Lord Russell calls to mind the authority for these statements he must acknowledge them to be perfectly just and true.

On the 6th day of May, 1861, Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, wrote a despatch to Lord Lyons in which he describes the condition of America as "the disruption of a confederacy;" and he further used these words: "Civil war has broken out between the several States of the late Union. The government of the Southern portion has duly constituted itself. Her Majesty's government do not wish you to make any mystery of that view." Here is irrefragable proof of my first allegation.

On the day on which the Minister of the Queen thus wrote he addressed a despatch to Lord Cowley, her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, designating our republic as "the States which lately composed the American Union," "the late United States," "the late Union;" and he enclosed in that despatch, for Lord Cowley's instruction, a copy of the above cited letter to Lord Lyons. Having thus ostentatiously communicated his view of our country as "the late Union," he asked, in return, "to be made acquainted with the views of the imperial government." My second allegation is, therefore, true, in letter and in spirit.

That Lord John Russell, as Secretary of State, was in haste to do this, appears from his not having awaited the arrival of the American Minister of Mr. Lincoln's appointment, and from those very letters of the 6th of May, 1861, to Lord Cowley and to Lord Lyons; for in those letters he confesses that he had not as yet "received from Lord Lyons any report of the state of affairs and of the prospects of the several parties;" but that on coming to the decision which was so momentous and unprecedented he acted on the reports of "some consuls" and "of the public prints."

It is true that twenty-four days after Lord John Russell had officially described our country as "the disruption of a confederacy," "the late United States," "the late Union," he reproved a member of the House of Commons for openly exulting "that the

great republican bubble in America had burst," and owned "that the republic had been for many years a great and free State." But he uttered no expectation or hope of the restoration of our Union, and rather intimated that the Americans were "about to destroy each other's happiness and freedom." Lord John, on that occasion, rightly attributed the rebellion to the "accursed institution of slavery," and confessed that England was the giver of "the poisoned garment;" that the former governments of Great Britain were "themselves to blame for the origin of the evil." But this confession must be interpreted by the light of his averments on the 6th of May, 1861, and by Lord Russell's later assertion that the efforts of our country were but a contest for "empire."

In speaking to the American Congress of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln it was my unavoidable duty to refer to the conduct of the British Government toward our country during his administration, for nothing so wounded his feelings, or exercised his judgement, or tried his fortitude.

I was asked to address the two Houses of our Congress, and those only. When I learned that the British Minister at Washington was likely to be one of my hearers, I requested Mr. Seward to advise him not to be present; and through another friend, I sent him a similar message, which he received and perfectly understood.

I need not recall words of ninety years ago to be persuaded that in peace America and the United Kingdom should be friends. I have a right to say this; for when in the public service, I proved it by public acts; and, as a private citizen, I have never wished our government to demand of a foreign power anything but justice.

Pray send Lord Russell a copy of this letter which he is at liberty to publish; and I consider myself equally at liberty to publish his letter, to which this is a reply.

I am ever, my dear Mr. Adams, very truly yours,

GEO. BANCROFT.

LORD J. RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS.

FOREIGN OFFICE, May 6, 1861.

My Lord,— Her Majesty's government are disappointed in not having received from you by the mail which has just arrived, any report of the state of affairs and of the prospects of the several parties with reference to the issue of the struggle which appears unfortunately to have commenced between them; but the interruption of communication between Washington and

New York sufficiently explains the non-arrival of your despatches.

The account, however, which her Majesty's consuls at different ports were enabled to forward by the packet coincide in showing that whatever may be the final result of what cannot now be designated otherwise than as the civil war which has broken out between the several States of the late Union, for the present at least, those States have separated into distinct confederacies, and, as such, are carrying on war against each other.

The question for neutral nations to consider, is, what is the character of the war, and whether it should be regarded as a war carried on between parties severally in a position to wage war, and to claim the rights and to perform the obligations attaching to belligerents.

Her Majesty's government consider that the question can only be answered in the affirmative. If the government of the Northern portion of the late Union possess the advantages inherent in long-established governments, the government of the Southern portion has, nevertheless, duly constituted itself, and carries on in a regular form the administration of the civil government of the States of which is composed.

Her Majesty's government, therefore, without assuming to pronounce upon the merits of the question on which the respective parties are at issue, can do no less than accept the facts presented to them. They deeply deplore the disruption of a confederacy with which they have at all times sought to cultivate the most friendly relations; they view with the greatest apprehension and concern the misery and desolation in which that disruption threatens to involve the provinces now arrayed in arms against each other; but they feel that they cannot question the right of the Southern States to claim to be recognized as a belligerent, and as such, invested with all the rights and prerogatives of a belligerent.

I think it right to give your Lordship this timely notice of the view taken by her Majesty's government of the present state of affairs in North America, and her Majesty's government do not wish you to make any mystery of that view.

I shall send your Lordship, by an early opportunity, such further information on these matters as may be required for your guidance. At present I have only to add that no expression of regret that you may employ, at the present disastrous state of affairs, will too strongly declare the feelings with which her Majesty's government con-

template all the evils which cannot fail to result from it. I am, &c.,

J. RUSSELL.

EXTRACT OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S
SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MAY
30, 1861.

My honorable friend, the member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, alluded the other night to one subject in a tone which I was very sorry to hear used by any one. My honorable friend said that "the great republican bubble in America had burst." Now, sir, I am proud to confess—I may be subject to correction—but, for my part, when I find that a dark and tyrannical despotism has been abolished, and that people are likely to enjoy free government in its place, I rejoice. It is my duty to represent her Majesty as friendly to all existing States; but if a despotic government fall, and the people who have been subjected to it are likely to obtain better and freer government, I cannot conceal that it gives me satisfaction, and that I sympathize with them. But I own I have very different feelings when a great republic, which has enjoyed for seventy or eighty years institutions under which the people have been free and happy, enters into a conflict in which that freedom and happiness is placed in jeopardy, I must say the joy which I felt at the overthrow of some of the despotisms of Italy is counterbalanced by the pain which I experience at the events which have lately taken place in America. I admit that I have thought, and that I still think, that in this country we enjoy more real freedom than the United States have ever done. I admit, also, that the great founders of that republic, wise and able men as they were, had not the materials at hand by which they could interpose, as we are able to do in this country, the curb and correction of reason in order to restrain the passionate outbursts of the popular will. Yet we cannot be blind to the fact that the republic has been for many years a great and free State, exhibiting to the world the example of a people in the enjoyment of wealth, happiness and freedom, and affording bright prospects of the progress and improvement of mankind. When I reflect that the reproaches which are cast by the States of the North upon the States of the South, and the resistance which they have called forth, have arisen from that accursed institution of slavery, I cannot but recollect also that with our great and glorious institutions we gave them that curse, and that ours were the hands from which they received

that fatal gift of the poisoned garment which was flung around them from the first hour of their establishment. Therefore I do not think it just or seemly that there should be among us anything like exultation at their discord, and still less that we should reproach them with an evil for the origin of which we are ourselves to blame. These are the feelings with which I heard the remarks of my honorable friend the other

night, and I must say that I believe the sentiments which he expressed form an exception to the general impression in England. Indeed, I think nothing could be more honorable to our country than the prevailing pain and grief which have been occasioned by the prospect of that great and free people being about to rush into arms to destroy each other's happiness and freedom.

WHAT IS NATURE ?

What thing is Nature? Well I don't
Pretend to make a clatter,
Like Hegel, Hamilton, and Comte,
Concerning mind and matter.

Yet I have had my thoughts at times ;
And since you ask the question,
I'll tell you what I think in rhymes
That won't hurt your digestion.

Nature is growth, a coming forth
Into new fashion ever,
Of that whose substance knows no birth,
Whose virtue dieth never;

What Substance? — that which to define
My gasping reason smothers ;
But what is best I call divine,
And worship God with others.

You're a materialist? Not at all ;
If I should seek to find
The best name for that BEST I call,
I'd rather call it MIND.

And Mind is one ; and what we call
The Many is but one,
As million rays shoot from the ball
Of th' light-evolving Sun.

But not to dogmas I decline,
And think that I am wise

Who fear and love, but not define,
The Power that shapes the skies.

And you, Sir Doctor, are a fool,
With logical appliance,
That would take God into your school,
And teach Him terms of science ;

And talk of Nature, God and Man
With technic demonstration,
As if yourself had sketched the plan
Of the boundless, vast Creation.

And dress mean thoughts in phrases grand,
And prove, with solemn clatter,
That you have got, in your clumsy hand,
Two things called Mind and Matter.

Go to! You know nor this, nor that ;
Man has no measuring rod
For Nature, Force, and Law, and what
The best of men call God.

For law, and life, and all the course
Of lovely, shifting Nature,
Are but the play of one wise Force,
Which Moses called Creator.

Think on your knees : 'tis better so,
Than without wings to soar ;
What sharp-eyed Logic thinks to know
We find when we adore.

J. S. B.

College, Edinburgh Spectator.